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The Sketch

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(See page 520)

TOKEN 45

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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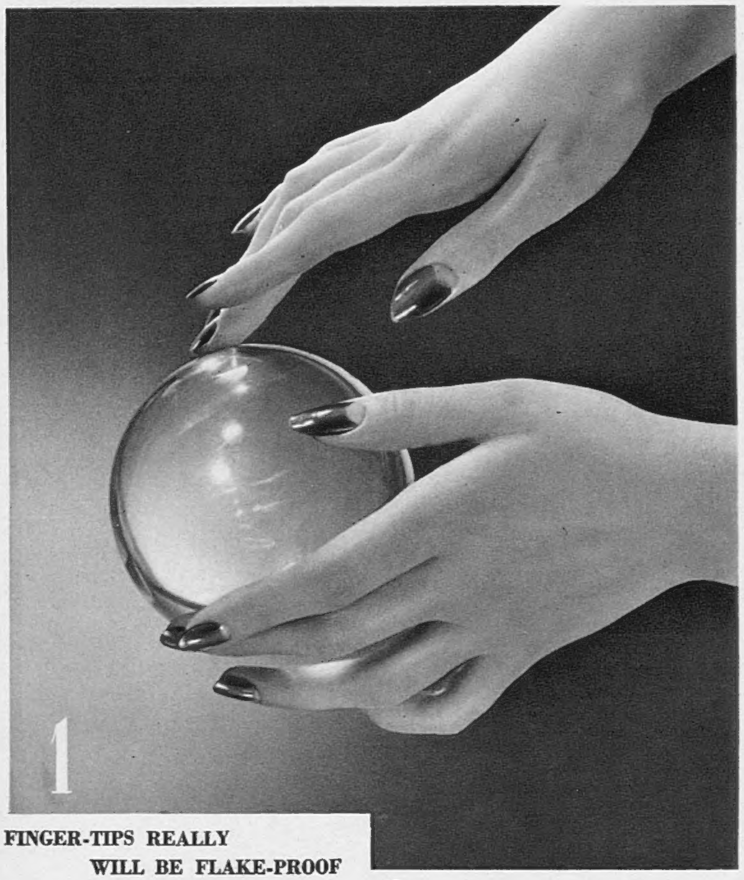
FORECAST

OF FINGER-TIP FASHION



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Peggy Sage's new polishes are specially blended to a new formula — and they wear *like iron.* Peggy Sage is a realist. She knows that her clients have busy fingers — fingers that ride, write, dance, play the piano, play golf . . . and the rich, glowing colours for which Peggy Sage is famous would be of little account without their amazing capacity for wear. So remember — for days and days and days Peggy Sage's polishes are flake-proof and chip-proof and peel-proof. And that's why Peggy Sage's first fashion forecast is that you'll be wearing Peggy Sage polishes all this year!

2 FINGER-TIPS FROM VINEYARD AND ROSE-GARDEN

There are two main types of finger-tip this season, says Peggy Sage — the Wine-red group led by that lovely, pressed-grape colour VINTAGE. And the 'Rose-Garden' group — led by muted, creamy REGENCY and Peggy Sage's newest shade FUCHSIA (whose loveliness is best described in the lyric line 'Red darkness from the heart of Roses'!). Peggy Sage forecasts you will try (and love) them all. Vintage with wine-reds and cyclamen tone make-up. Regency with the new pastels and Fuchsia with the new dress colours of the same name.

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Among the many interesting features distinguishing the new Chrysler cars is Dual Power Transmission, of which Robert Walling of the Evening Standard recently wrote:—

"The beauty of the system is that he (*the driver*) can change in a flash from "dual top" to top gear by merely pressing the accelerator pedal to the floor and lifting it up again. The change is made automatically . . . Family drivers can change down with the accuracy and speed of racing stars by means of the device."
(24 Jan., 1939)

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BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

Must you, my dear boy, when I take you out to lunch, wear a coat with a collar half way down your back and sleeves that show your bony elbows?

Sorry; uncle, but rich uncles can afford to owe fourteen guineas for their suits. Penniless nephews can merely pay a niggardly nine or ten.

Rich uncle, my foot. I shouldn't be rich if I paid fourteen guineas for my suits. Ten—and not a penny more at Bernard Weatherill. Use your *nous*, boy.

I will, uncle—and your name at Bernard Weatherill. Thanks, uncle.

Bernard Weatherill tailors and finishes a perfectly cut hand-sewn suit from 9 guineas at 55 Conduit Street.

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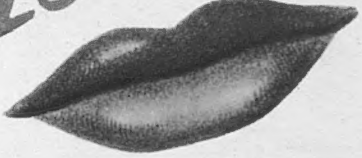
Lips by Lenthéric



Mrs. Vincent Paravicini wears Lenthéric's Deep Orchid

Lenthéric makes the subtler lipsticks for to-day. Colours are vivid and yet soft, and most precisely created for the season's fashion shades. Important is the fact that Lenthéric lipsticks do not change colour on the lips. Texture is very fine, not dry or greasy. With the fuchsia shades, and with black, wear *Deep Orchid*—red with an echo of blue—unbelievably becoming. For the pink and white, dresden-china effect, wear *Hunting Pink*—clear red—without orange, without blue—gay as its name!
Hunting Pink is No. 2, *Deep Orchid* is No. 7.
Black and gold case: 5/6. White cases: 4/6 and 2/6.

LENTHÉRIC, PARFUMEUR, PARIS
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The Sketch

No. 2408—Vol. CLXXXV. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1939. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT ADAMS.

THE ONLY WOMAN OF "THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET."

The otherwise male cast of Barré Lyndon's latest play has ANN TODD *for its sole feminine rôle. "The Man in Half Moon Street" is due to open at the New to-night, March 22. Its incidents include a bank robbery, a view of Scotland Yard finger-print department, and the metamorphosis of Leslie Banks—in full view of the audience—from a man of forty to an ancient of ninety.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

DO YOU KNOW ?—III.

LET us continue the quest for knowledge, inaugurated in the two preceding articles on this Home University page. I promise that this is the last spasm of this painful subject. I should think—wouldn't you ?—that three articles of about a thousand words each ought to be enough to cover the entire field of knowledge. If you don't agree, you don't understand anything about journalism.

This week I address myself exclusively to parents. If you are not a parent, you had better pass on to the pictures without further ado. This question of " Do You Know ? " is one of intimate concern to parents—indeed, it is, and always has been, one of the most anxious in their lives. There is no satisfactory way of dealing with it. If you pose as omniscient, and expect your children to look up to you as a god-like fountain-head of knowledge ; if, in short, you try the " Duce-is-always-right " game in the family circle, you will undoubtedly be caught out sooner or later, and probably over some absolutely humiliating thing like the Highest Common Factor or Least Common Denominator, or the second person plural of the past subjunctive of *aimer*. If you adopt a lofty attitude of " I, in my great wisdom, cannot be bothered with these trifles," or " the things which we know best are the things which we have forgotten," *that* won't work either ; some day the direct accusation will come, " Daddy, I don't believe you *know*," and you will suffer a marked loss of prestige.

The best that sensible parents can hope for is diplomatic evasion and glib mendacity. These have been their methods for centuries, and they are quite difficult enough in themselves without further complications. That is why I deplore a certain modern tendency which seems to be growing. Children are being encouraged not only to be frightful little prigs and bores, but to make their parents' lives a burden to them. All sorts of subtle inducements are being offered them to know everything about everything. Prospectuses of encyclopædias for the young reach me by every post—somehow or other, publishers seem to think that I need this sort of thing, and perhaps they are not so far wrong.

One of these alluring booklets (I think " brochure " is the technical description) lies before me at present. On the cover is a picture of Father and Mother gazing at a book as if it were a letter telling them that if they would communicate with a firm of solicitors, they would hear something to their advantage. The children are gathered round, also gazing at the magic book with ecstatic smiles and shining eyes. I don't know what they are looking at, but I should think it is probably the Magnificent Colour Plate of the Dyaks of North Borneo in ceremonial dress. The idea is that with a few Dyaks and some bright little diagrams of a turbine or a boiler-riveter, a good time will be had by all during the long winter evenings.

Here are a few of the things which are going to fill the home with sunshine and make for Joyous Parenthood : " Adding as fast as a bank clerk. How to keep a set of books. Ties of trade that unite the world. The science of healthy living. Leisure : a basic human need. Memory and what it means. The use of money in the world to-day. How the modern motor-car works. The codes used in signalling. What are the Vitamins ? " There is one very sinister section headed : " Helps to Home-work." It contains jolly little things like " Putting the globe on paper," " Problems in Subtraction," and " Some Notes on Trigonometry." Trigonometry ! Merciful heaven, I thought that scourge had passed from my life for ever ! It is intolerable that these hideous phantoms should be called up from the past ! Before we know where we are, we shall be plunged again into the horrors of the square on the hypotenuse and the squares on the sides subtending—I forget what, but I know that they do subtend something, and I hope they have a nice day for it. Can one *never* live down one's youth? Not if these knowledge-fiends can help it !

It wouldn't be so bad if these cold, heartless encyclopædists explained anything. But I know exactly the sort of thing which would happen. For instance, turning the pages at random, I come across a diagram which arrests my attention. At first sight, it seems to be three shrapnel-helmets couchant on a field sable. On closer inspection, it looks like three eggs suspended by three pieces of string. A final examination shows it to be a diagram, illustrating the tides of the earth in relation to the moon. I have referred before to this question of the tides—it is rather a sore subject with me. Now, perhaps, we shall learn something, in language which he who runs may read. What says the oracle ? " Everyone who has lived by the sea has noticed how the waters creep slowly up the beach for six hours, and then for six hours slip steadily down again." Yes, he who runs may read *that* ; many of us have observed this interesting phenomenon. But let us examine its cause. " It is now known to be due to the pull of the moon on the earth, sometimes helped and sometimes hindered by the sun, according to whether these two bodies are in a straight line and pull on the earth together, or are at right angles and pull in different directions." Yes, I knew that, too, but what is the use of my knowing it when I am certain to be asked : " *Why* does the moon pull the earth, and, if it keeps on pulling, why doesn't it pull it out of position ? " All I can answer is : " Because Sir Isaac Newton said so," but I don't find that that gag goes over very well. Also, it is apt to lead to a demand for a short, snappy biography of Sir Isaac Newton, of whose private life I know nothing except that he spent most of his time picking up pebbles on the sea-shore of truth. Or was that Demosthenes ? No, Demosthenes was the chap who not only picked up pebbles, but chewed them.

Parents, who, after all, are an important class of the community, should be roused to a realisation of this growing menace which hangs over them. Fathers should rise as one man and boycott all works of useful knowledge from the house.

OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION CONTINUES WITH GREAT SUCCESS.

" THE SKETCH " continues its offer of **TEN POUNDS** for " THE BEST AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPH " selected for publication every week until further notice.

For other competitive photographs which the Editor considers worthy of publication, a sum of not less than £1 will be paid for the reproduction right. Our readers are invited to enter any of their specially good prints which come under the following headings : LANDSCAPES or SEASCAPES ; NATURE STUDIES (animals of all kinds, birds, flowers, etc., etc.) ; HUMAN BEINGS (Figure Studies, grouped figures at play or sports, children, etc., etc.) ; CURIOUS or HUMOROUS SUBJECTS.

Natural-colour photographs are eligible for the Competition.

CONDITIONS

1. Every Competitor must be a *bona-fide* AMATEUR photographer.
2. The Competitor's name and address and the title of the photograph must be written in ink in BLOCK LETTERS on the back of each print (or on the mounts of Colour transparencies), together with the following information : Name of camera ; make of film or plate ; exposure details.
3. Photographs submitted must be the property of the entrant.
4. Photographs already published elsewhere are ineligible for this Competition.
5. Prints which may be unsuccessful in winning prizes may be returned to the sender if the appropriate postage is remitted, but no liability is accepted by the proprietors of " THE SKETCH " for loss or damage to prints.
6. A " Token " (page 2 of Cover), clipped from this issue, must accompany all photographs submitted for competition. ONE " Token " is valid either for one photograph or for a set of photographs not exceeding twelve in number if submitted together.
7. Each winner of the prize of TEN POUNDS for " The Best Amateur Photograph of the Week " must send the original negative (or Colour transparency), which, with the copyright, will become the property of " THE SKETCH," and the payment of the prize-money shall be regarded as a copyright fee.

Abide by the Conditions, cut out the " Token " (page 2 of Cover), and post it with your photographs (packed flat) addressed :—

Competition Photographs,
The Editor, "The Sketch,"
32-34, St. Bride Street, London, England, E.C.4.

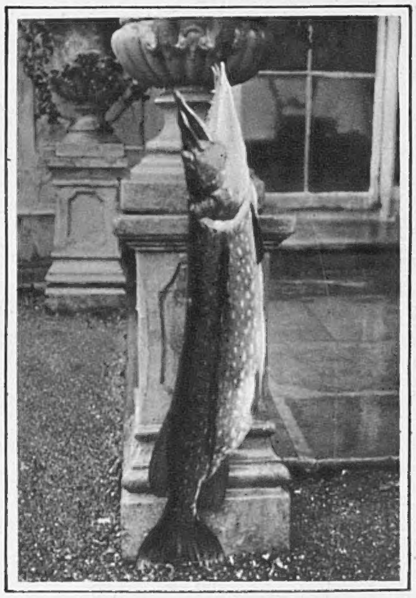
THE BRISTLEWOODS.

Mrs. Bristlewood, still slimming, thinks that table tennis is good for Mr. Bristlewood.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

PROBABLY the Earl of Home has been surprised at the stir created by his recent appeal on behalf of Tweed salmon. Lord Home, whose letter appeared in the *Scotsman*, quoted catches for the last day of the fly-fishing period and the first day when spinning is permitted on Tweed, in order to show the great increase in numbers of fish killed on bait, as compared with fly. He appealed for a curtailment of bait-fishing to certain heights of water when conditions are not suitable for fly. Lord Home also referred to having seen a fine salmon hooked and pulled in on a stiff rod and gaffed within three minutes. Letters which have been evoked by Lord Home's appeal show a preponderance in support and many interesting points have been raised. Some argue that bait-fishing is a necessity to reduce the numbers of fish, which otherwise would succumb to disease. Others, that in view of the high rentals demanded for beats, the lessees are obliged to recoup their outlay by catching and selling as many fish as possible. Again, that an angler who has taken a beat for a short period cannot be expected to risk not catching a fish on fly when he can be tolerably sure of being successful with bait. On the question of selling fish, one writer argues that the owner of a water, in leasing it for fishing, is, in effect, selling the fish, so why should not the lessee do likewise? Obviously, if two salmon can be killed on bait to every one that is taken on fly, the use of the latter is a bad financial proposition. Even without this commercial embarrassment, the question of using fly or bait is very complicated. Lord Home refers to fly-fishing as a far higher art. Some anglers will agree with him, others will not. The crux of the matter is that certain types of fly-fishing are superior, from the sporting point of view, to certain types of bait-fishing, but the converse is equally true. Comparisons are invidious, and the true test of whether any method is sporting is that the fish stands an equal chance with the angler of winning the battle. Under such conditions the fish which wins against a fly fisherman stands a better chance of surviving by ridding itself of a single hook than the fish which takes a bait and breaks away with one or more triangles of hooks attached to its jaw.



This fine seventeen-year-old IRISH PIKE, *weighing 22 lb., was captured in Lough Cowie.*

Thames Trout in Trouble. Writing of triangles reminds me that an assistant river-keeper has drawn the attention of the Thames Conservancy to the misfortunes of immature Thames trout, which have been injuring themselves on the big hooks of plug baits intended for their parents. Mr. G. G. Corble, Secretary and Parliamentary Officer of the Conservancy, asked me if, in my opinion, the use of "plug baits" contravened byelaw 6 of the Conservators' Fishery Byelaws, which stipulates that "No person shall use in the Thames any device or tackle that does not admit of the fish taken therewith being returned to the water without serious injury." It is true that on many plug baits large triangle hooks are used, but I question whether a fish hooked on these runs a greater risk of injury than on the smaller triangles employed on spinning and live baits. I do not consider that plug baits contravene the Conservancy's byelaw, but I would prefer to see all such baits, spinners and live-bait tackles mounted with two single hooks, in place of the triangles.

Unemployed Miners' Ten Years' Angling Plan. Ten years ago a band of unemployed miners in Tredegar and Sirhowy, Monmouthshire, set out on the seemingly hopeless task of building up all the old colliery feeders in the neighbourhood and stocking them with fish. They had plenty of willing hands, but no funds, and no knowledge of how best to set about the task. By hard work and determination they have succeeded. They have waters where they can catch trout up to 2 lb. and fine coarse fish. Recently they put 15,000 coarse fish into some of their ponds, and now every pond within miles is clean and stocked with fish. In addition, they have learned how to breed trout, and at present they have 12,000 trout fry in their hatchery. A fine achievement, without question, and I am sure any angler who knows that many of these enthusiastic unemployed miners sadly lack fishing tackle will find time to sort out unwanted odds and ends and send them to these men. I will gladly give the address of a man who will distribute them to those most in need.

FRANCIS KIRKWOOD *is very proud of the* SAIL-FISH *he caught on his father's rod "by mistake." He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kirkwood, of Kingston, Jamaica. His father is a cousin of Sir Archibald Lyle, Bt., and a grandson of Lady (Park) Lyle.*

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

On March 1, Mr. Jim Loudon put up a record for the lower Annan, Dumfriesshire, by landing four fish, from 15 lb. to $17\frac{1}{2}$ lb., in one day.

Nearly 300 salmon have been killed on the River Boyne this season.

Mr. FitzHerbert and party, fishing on Black Castle water, have had eighty-seven fish from Feb. 12 to March 4.

R. L. MARSTON.

MR. TROMP VAN DIGGELEN, *known in South Africa as "the kabeljauw king" of False Bay, only got half this large kabeljauw (probably an eighty-pounder), because it was* BITTEN IN HALF BY A SHARK *while he was playing it in False Bay. The snapshot was taken on his launch immediately after the fish had been pulled in. On the left is the* SHARK THAT BIT THE BIG KABELJAUW *in half when it was being played. It paid for its temerity as Mr. van Diggelen shot it.*

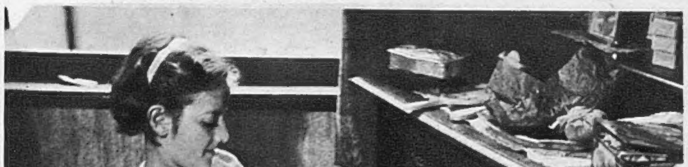
The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

"WRATH OF THE GODS": OUR FORTY-THIRD FIRST-PRIZE WINNER.

This superb cloud-effect, whose menacing beauty suggests the expression of Olympian anger, has been awarded the forty-third first prize in our AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS' COMPETITION. *It was taken by Mr. P. S. N. Smith with a Plaubel "Roll-op" camera. Film: Kodak. Exposure: 1-25th second at f.12. It was submitted under the title of "Evening Shadows" and was taken off Kuala Dungun, East Coast, Malaya.*

" FIRST AID REQUIRED " ; *by Mr. George V. Garlick. Taken with a T.P. Reflex camera. Film : Kodak. Exposure : 1-75th second at f.8.*

" A FIRST BEREAVEMENT " ; *by Dr. P. H. Lulham. Taken with a Super-Ikonta camera. Film : Agfa. Exposure : 1-50th second at f.8.*



" TIDYING UP " ; *by Mr. B. Cracowski. Taken with an Altiflex camera. Film : Kodak. Exposure : about two seconds at f.4.5. Daylight and a 500-watt lamp.*

" BUSY FINGERS " ; *by Mr. J. A. Carpenter. Taken with a Rolleiflex camera. Film : Kodak. Exposure : 1-100th second at f.4.*

"LARES ET PENATES."

The studies on this page of runner-up prize-winners in our AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS' COMPETITION illustrate homely subjects of everyday life where Lares and Penates, the household gods and the sanctities of the home hold sway. They make a universal appeal from the sentimental angle, and are admirable examples of photographic art, both from the point of view of posing and of light-effects.

"WHICH END BITES?"; by Mrs. C. Bassett. Taken with a III.a Leica camera. Film: Dupont Nitrate. Exposure: 1-60th second at f.6.3.

"STROKING THE HEDGEHOG"; by Mr. T. Leslie Smith. Taken with a Rolleiflex camera. Film: Kodak. Exposure: 1-25th second at f.8.

WELL-ARMOURED PETS.

These amusing photographs of children with well-armoured pets have been awarded runner-up prizes in our AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS' COMPETITION. Curiosity mingled with a certain amount of apprehension is aroused by the tortoise; but the owners of the hedgehog are very friendly with their pet, though they are wise enough to put on thick gloves before caressing him!

WHAT THE OXFORD CAPTAIN AND SECRETARY SAY OF THE GOLF TEAM.

MR. J. C. LAWRIE *(Winchester and Brasenose), captain of the Oxford Golf team which arranged to meet Cambridge in the University match at the Royal St. George's Club, Sandwich, on March 21 and to-day, March 22; and the Secretary, here review the team for the benefit of "Sketch" readers. The Secretary says of the Captain: "Scratch handicap. The best putter in the side."*

Left: MR. A. J. B. MARSHAM *(Eton and Christ Church). "Nick-named 'Slug' at Eton. Has got his Blue as a Freshman. A strong left-hander and a fine putter." He was in the Eton XI.*

MR. F. M. FORSTER *(Wellington and Trinity). "A new and brilliant addition to the side." A Rugger Blue.*

Left: MR. STUART PETHER *(Magdalen College School, Oxford and St. Peter's Hall). "Handicap 1. Also a Rugger Blue. A powerful yet artistic striker of the ball."*

MR. R. C. TWINING *(Eton and Christ Church). "Two handicap player. Son of the ex-Oxford cricket captain. Has played golf from a very early age. A much improved player, with experience."*

MR. JOHN R. BRIGGS *(Charterhouse and New College). "His performances soon won him a Blue." He is now a double Blue.*

MR. CLIVE WALKER *(Rossall and Corpus). "Handicap 1. An effective, concentrating golfer. Inseparable from Stewart Pether, his great friend."*

MR. A. S. GILBEY *(Harrow and Brasenose). "A lucky find at the eleventh hour, for he was only tried for the side this term and has not lost a single since. Has a perfect swing and, as he is a Freshman, should be a useful member of the team for the next three years."*

MR. D. H. GARROW *(Winchester and Trinity). "Safer with his iron than his wooden clubs. He has all the pluck and control of the first-class ski-er he is."*

MR. T. C. HARVEY *(Radley and Balliol), the Secretary of Oxford's golf side and captain-elect for 1940. Handicap 1.*

WHAT THE CAMBRIDGE CAPTAIN SAYS OF HIS GOLF TEAM.

MR. J. D. A. LANGLEY *(Stowe and Trinity), Captain of the Cambridge Golf Team which arranged to meet Oxford at the Royal St. George's Club, Sandwich, on Tuesday, March 21, and to-day, March 22, here reviews his team for the benefit of "Sketch" readers. He is an ex-boy champion; played in the Walker Cup Team in 1936, and was runner-up in the English Championship in the same year.*

MR. S. G. DALLEY *(Ontario, Canada, and Emmanuel). "Recently found his true form by using a shorter and firmer swing. Now playing very well. Faultless putter."*

MR. W. S. I. WHITELAW *(Winchester and Trinity). "A much-improved player. Long driver and excellent short game. A good putter on any greens. Only recently returned to play this term, after appendicitis."*

MR. N. B. F. MANN *(South Africa and Caius). "A style much after that of Syd Brews, the Natal State champion, one of his countrymen. Not long, but always accurate. His bad shots are usually slices. Consistently good putter whose method is like Bobby Locke's."*

MR. R. B. HOW *(Eton and Trinity). "Long but erratic. Good if he once gets into his stride, but inclined to play thoughtless shots. Short, smashing swing."*

MR. G. L. REYNOLDS *(Cheltenham and Pembroke). "A pupil of Sherlock's, of Aldeburgh. Free, natural swing, if anything a little too loose. Has a particularly good record in singles this season."*

MR. B. D. CARRIS *(Harrow and St. John's). "The longest driver in the team. Good orthodox swing, except for a lift at the top of the back swing. At his best on a course with soft greens." Cricket Blue (opening bat).*

MR. W. H. HALSTEAD *(St. Bees and Emmanuel). "One of the soundest players in the team. Steady, long and good putter. His only fault is an occasional tendency to top. Wonderful temperament."*

MR. R. B. BOOTH *(Stowe and Pembroke). "Very quick swing, but slower than it was. Knows a lot about the theory of the game and puts it into practise. His weakness is on the green. Very good iron player."*

MR. E. S. BROWNE *(St. Bees and Clare). "After a disappointing start to the season, he is now playing very well. A quick, ungainly but grooved swing."*

TALES WITH A STING.

ONE WEEK IN THE LIFE OF A KILLER.

By GERALD KERSH.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

TUESDAY.

GORDON has got me. I am in a corner. I am caught, like a rat in a trap. If he goes to my Aunt Kate for his money I am absolutely finished. I shall be cut off. I shall have to starve like a dog. Yet I explained to him that I had no intention of swindling him, and that if he gave me time I would make the cheque good. All I want is time—time. But no; he must have his pound of flesh. And Aunt Kate will stop my allowance—strike me out of her will. She swore she would the last time I had a little bother. There is no justice in the world. She has £20,000 a year, and expects me to live in the style to which I am accustomed on £500 a year—*me*! But what can I do? Explain everything and play the part of the repentant sinner? No! I have done that too often before. . . .

I wish Gordon were dead. . . .

No; I wish, rather, that Aunt Kate were dead.

If Aunt Kate died. . . .

And now that I come to think of it, why shouldn't she die? Why not? Yes—yes—why not?

If I thought of a really clever plan—and if anybody can think of a clever plan I can. I have the creative brain, and besides, I am no fool. I know the exact value of the police; they are quite astute themselves. But I think I can outwit them. I shall have to take something of a chance. It is better to hang than be broke.

WEDNESDAY.

Now, to whom do the police go first, in the event of a murder? To the man with the strongest motive. This is likely to be difficult, because no man could possibly have a stronger motive for murder than I. The old woman has nearly half a million, to be divided equally between her companion, Maude, my second cousin, and myself. I have a quarter of a million to gain by her death. . . .

Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds is a lot of money. But half a million is more. I could do a lot with that; I could really *live*—live like a prince. But that would mean killing the two of them.

There must be some way of doing this! I must think. . . .

THURSDAY.

How does a killer betray himself? Motive—bloodstains—fingerprints. . . .

Fingerprints. Now fingerprints are the terror of the common criminal. The really clever man should be able to bend them to his own ends. Burglars wear rubber gloves in order to leave no fingerprints. But what if one could transfer somebody else's fingerprints to a glove—wear another man's skin! Or wear another woman's skin. . . .

It should be possible. There are conditions under which rubber becomes quite plastic. That which is plastic can take an impression. I seem to remember that rubber, when treated with naphtha, can take an impression, like wax. But does it set? I must try this.

FRIDAY.

Yes, it does set! The plan takes tangible form. The old woman goes to bed early. Maude stays up a little later, sewing or reading.

Now, if I can get Maude to sleep, take good impressions of her fingerprints and transfer them to the fingertips of a pair of rubber gloves—ha! Then everything is simple! Kill the old lady, shedding a little blood. Leave a fingerprint in blood here and there, and then go away. In come the police, check up on fingerprints, arrest Maude, and hang her. That means to say—half a million for me!

But in what substance can I take the prints? If I take them directly on to the rubber the prints will be blurred. Besides—and this just occurs to me—they would be *reversed*! No, the best thing to do is make a good impression in sealing-wax, and then transfer the prints from the wax to the glove. Then they would come out as normal fingerprints.

See what it is to have brains. Another man—even if he had had the cleverness to conceive such a scheme—would have fallen down on such a subtle detail.

Say I go and dine with them. They live frugally. Good. I take them a little present, a luxury, a small bottle of some liqueur—say, Benedictine, or Kümmel. Ladies like Kümmel. But before taking the bottle along I add a little something. Then they both sleep well. . . .

Wait. Say the police analyse the liqueur?

But why should they? If a woman is found with her throat cut one does not look at the contents of her stomach. In any case, I shall prepare a substitute bottle, and when the time comes switch them.

I have my sealing-wax nicely prepared, poured into a cigarette-tin. I get them to sleep. I soften the surface of the wax at the gas fire and take good impressions of Maude's fingerprints. Then I can transfer them to the gloves at my leisure, and then. . . .

SATURDAY.

Gordon has given me two days. That will be time enough. I shall finish the business this very night.

I got Maude's prints. It was childishly simple. I was affectionate. I read them some of Tennyson's poetry before dinner; then, after we had eaten, and the coffee was served, I said: "Auntie Kate, I have a little surprise for you." "What is it?" "Guess, Auntie!" "Chocolates?" "No." "Flowers?" "No—look!"

"Why, Kümmel!" said Maude. "That was very thoughtful of you, George. Auntie Kate loves a little Kümmel."

"It makes me sleep," said the old woman.

I poured out three glasses. The two ladies drank with ill-restrained eagerness. I scarcely touched my lips with my glass.

In a quarter of an hour the old lady was yawning. Then she went to bed. Maude sat by the fire. Soon she, too, began to nod, then slept. I worked quietly and methodically. I heated my wax and took deep impressions of the thumb and first two fingers of Maude's right hand—clean, clear, perfectly-defined impressions.

Then I waited. In an hour she awoke.

"Why, George! I must have dozed right off to sleep. Do forgive me. It must be the heat of the fire. . . . Yes, it 's given me an awful headache."

"Then I shall let you sleep, my dear Maude."

I wished her good-night, very gently—quite like a perfect cousin. Soon she shall sleep deeper. . . .

Then, when I got home, I started work.

I damped my rubber gloves in naphtha, inside and out. I put one on my right hand and carefully transferred to it the deep prints in the sealing-wax, holding the fingers down firmly in the moulds until the rubber had set. Then I tried the gloves with a little red ink.

The impressions were not perfect, but easily identifiable—all that was necessary. I peeled the glove off and wrapped it carefully in tissue paper. Then I went to bed and slept deeply.

It is good to be both clever and calm. To-night I shall kill my aunt and let Maude hang. [*Continued on page 564.*

** All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRI MANUEL.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MADAME LEBRUN, for being the First Lady in France and the honoured guest of the First Lady in the British Empire.

MME. LEBRUN, *wife of the President of the French Republic, was due to arrive yesterday, March 21, with her husband for their four days' State visit to their Majesties the King and Queen. A brilliant programme was arranged for them, beginning with their reception at Victoria Station by the King and Queen. Other events included the State Banquet fixed for last night, March 21; lunch at Guildhall, March 22; the Gala Performance at Covent Garden in the evening; and to-morrow's reception by the Houses of Parliament in Westminster Hall; followed by lunch at Windsor Castle, and, in the evening, the Foreign Office Banquet and entertainment at the India Office. Mme. Lebrun is typically French, an excellent housekeeper, and a devoted wife and mother. She frequently accompanies her husband at official functions, but is not a public figure in any sense of the word. Our portrait of her, taken at the Elysée, shows her in one of the dresses she brought to London.*

"MISS SKETCH" KEEPS A DIARY.

MR. R. C. MACLEOD *and* MISS ANNE GEORGE.

"MISS SKETCH'S" DIARY.

FRIDAY, MARCH 10.

Went to Cambridge in order to be all Scottish, which seems odd, but is accurate, for the festivity that intellectual though hardy Geordie fra' Edinburgh had invited me to attend was the CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CALEDONIAN CLUB BALL, held at the University Arms Hotel. Kilts and tartan sashes on every side and a thoroughly Scottish atmosphere enhanced by fact that Tim Wright's band came all the way from Edinburgh to play and put life and mettle in the heels of the dancers (you'll observe that I can quote Burns when I feel so inclined !).

The Caledonian Club is a notable body, being, I understand, the oldest dining club in Cambridge. It was founded by Lord Lindsay in 1830 and is still going strong.

Miss Christian Grant of Monymusk, one of the most charming debs. of this season, was much admired. She wore a satin dress with little puff sleeves and a tartan sash across her bodice in true Highland style, while a large carnation nestled among her topknot of curls in correct 1939 manner.

Miss Anne Maclean of Ardgour was another Scottish lassie present, in a nice lace dress. Mr. Colin Campbell, the hon. secretary, must have been delighted with the success of the dance.

MAJOR F. E. McKENZIE *(right)* *and* MR. A. G. FIDDES WATT.

MR. RONALD COLVILLE *and* MISS JAN WILLIAMS.

MR. ALICK KENNEDY *and* MISS CHRISTIAN GRANT OF MONYMUSK.

MR. COLIN CAMPBELL *and* MISS ANNE MACLEAN OF ARDGOUR.

MRS. NIGEL SEELY *and her dachshunds.*

"MISS SKETCH'S" DIARY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11.

To Nash, in Buckinghamshire, for the WHADDON CHASE HUNT POINT-TO-POINT MEETING. Fortunately, Nicky warned me that going would be heavy for spectators as well as competitors, so put on clod-hopping shoes and was able to enjoy walking round. Otherwise would have been car-bound, for mud was awful.

Tremendous excitement over Mr. Philip Kindersley's victory in the Nomination Race, as it was the sixth time in succession that he has won this event on his grand horse, Michael, coming home half a length ahead of Mr. N. Watson on his Wicklow Winkle. Wild enthusiasm at his triumph was evinced by his stepson, Julian Brougham, and by Tessa and Gay Kindersley, who cheered at the top of their voices, while Mrs. Kindersley's lovely fair face was one big smile.

Some of the smartest winter overcoats of the year were worn by the trio of dachshunds who came with Mrs. Nigel Seely! She was Miss Isabella Rieben, the well-known Welsh golfing girl, and looked so nice, hatless, and in a checked skirt and suède zip-up jacket under a camel-hair wrap. Mrs. Anthony Eden, smiling in a high-crowned felt, was with Lady Rosebery in an open car.

MISS BABETTE TALBOT-BAINES *and* MISS EDOMÉ BROUGHTON-ADDERLEY.

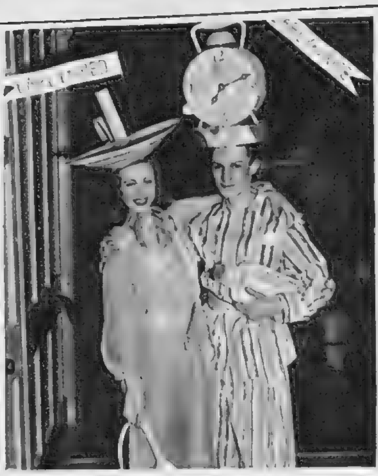
MRS. ANTHONY EDEN *and the* COUNTESS OF ROSEBERY *chatting with* MR. J. HANBURY.

MISS ELIZABETH MORTON *and* LADY CURRIE.

MRS. KINDERSLEY *(centre), and a group including* TESSA KINDERSLEY, CAROLINE JUDD, JAMES JUDD, *the* HON. JULIAN BROUGHAM *and* GAY KINDERSLEY, *watching Mr. Kindersley win.*

MR. PHILIP KINDERSLEY *after winning the Open Nomination race on his horse Michael for the sixth year in succession.*

MISS URSULA JEANS, MR. ROBERT HELPMANN, MR. MICHAEL REDGRAVE *and* MR. JOHN MILLS.



MISS PAGET & MR. BRIAN POLLARD *as "Early to Bed" & "Early to Rise."*

MISS MARY HONER, *the ballerina, with* MR. STANLEY MADDEN.

"MISS SKETCH'S" DIARY.

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 13.

Who says the thirteenth is unlucky? Had one of the best evenings of the year at the VIC-WELLS BALL at the Royal Albert Hall, where the fun and revelry went on well into the morning of Tuesday, March 14.

To quote the programme: " a ball remains the quintessence of Romance; particularly a Fancy Dress Ball under the spotlights of the Albert Hall, when each of the non-theatrical folk has an additional sparkle from pretending to be somebody else, and each of the theatrical folk an additional sparkle from being able to be himself." I call that admirably put, and it was true of the evening, for ballet, stage, and film celebrities as themselves were there by the dozen, and I saw plenty of well-knowns en travesti, *some wearing really admirable dresses.*

Midnight cabaret first-class. Then there was the fancy-dress parade and prize-giving with Peggy Ashcroft, Oliver Messel, and John Mills to hand over the gifts, which ranged from a permanent wave (which couldn't be presented there and then) to Horlicks, Cognac, books, bathing-suits for two, and a shaving set and flask of lavender water, to say nothing of the score of " La Bohème " and an oilskin coat, hat and umbrella.

MISS JUNE BRAE, *who came straight from dancing the Lilac Fairy to the ball; with* MR. DICK WYNDHAM.

MR. *and* MRS. EMLYN WILLIAMS *(left) studying the programme while* MR. STEVEN MITCHELL *and* MRS. MITCHELL, *enjoy a joke.*

MR EARDLEY KNOWLES, MISS VON BRAUSEN, SIR REGINALD ROWE, MRS. BROOK, *and* LORD HERBERT.

MISS MARGOT FONTEYN, *to dance at the Covent Garden gala to-night; with* MR. F. ASHTON, *the choreographer.*

MISS M. MACFARLANE *(right), Domestic Science Mistress, writes the recipe on the blackboard.*

MRS. E. KEMBLE, *wife of the Chief Constable of Warwickshire, washing up.*

MRS. NORMAN LODER *and her cheese straws.*

MRS. MORGAN JONES *peeling potatoes.*

"MISS SKETCH'S" DIARY.

TUESDAY, MARCH 14.

Very unusual invitation took me into sportin' circles. Hard-riding and very chic *huntin' friend determined to display interesting fact that Warwickshire ladies can cook as well as go straight across country, hold their own at contract bridge, and put up a good show on the lawn-tennis court. Or, at least, any woman who can't yet qualify as a* cordon bleu *will soon be able to, for RED CROSS COOKING CLASSES are the right evening occupation for members of county society within motoring distance of Shakespeare's home-town, Stratford-on-Avon.*

To be perfectly serious, I went to the Council School Cookery Hut at Stratford, where women volunteers for war emergency work in hospitals and elsewhere are being instructed in baking, roasting, boiling, and also in washing up, scouring pots and pans, and other kitchen duties.

The volunteers include many well-known members of Warwickshire hunting circles, and are undertaking this extremely sporting effort with tremendous gusto and enthusiasm. Lady Watson's face of delight on finding her stewed apples were well flavoured, was a study; and it was indeed a big moment when the cheese straws, prepared by students, were taken out of the oven!

Round the cooking-stove: MRS. G. PIGOT-MOODIE, MRS. MORGAN JONES, MRS. E. KEMBLE, MRS. NORMAN LODER, *and* MISS M. MACFARLANE.

LADY WATSON *tastes her own stewed apples.*

MISS BERYL BRYNTON *selling the négligé that she is wearing to* MISS MARGARET VYNER.

The MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE, *who opened the bazaar (right), buying flowers from* MRS. DOUGLAS COOKE.

MRS. NORMAN BLANCH *and* MISS AINSLIE MARTIN.

"MISS SKETCH'S" DIARY.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15.

Had a really amusing afternoon, believe it or not, at a Bazaar! This sounds difficult, but the HAPPY HOME BAZAAR IN AID OF THE WEST LONDON HOSPITAL was grand fun. It took place at 27, Grosvenor Square, lent by Major Fleming, and was run on an original principle, evolved, I fancy, some years ago by Lady Blanche Girouard. The idea was that you went to the Bedroom Stall to buy nighties, hot-water bottles and bedroom furnishings, and even found an entrancing amateur mannequin in bed displaying nighties or pyjamas, and showing off the attractions of the new Giant Panda toy; then you proceeded to the Kitchen or Pantry Stall, if you wished to restock your household furnishings, or to the Garden Stall for flowers.

Lady Carisbrooke came to open the sale and was presented with a bouquet, but this did not stop her buying lavishly at the Flower Stall.

Nighties and négligés of the most entrancing kind were to be obtained, and the ravishing amateur mannequins included Miss Beryl Brynton, who is the sister of Renée Ray, the actress. Business was satisfactorily brisk.

LADY MARY HERBERT *with some of her purchases.*

Nurses at the Bedroom Stall, with MISS LORAINE CLEWES *and* MISS YVONNE LEWIS, *in bed, with the toy Giant Panda.*

MRS. DOWSE-FINNEMORE, MRS. JOHN FLOYD, *and the* VICOMTESSE DE BELLAIGUE DE BUGHAS.

"TIGER AND BLACK BUCK"; by *Orovida.*

"MISS SKETCH'S" DIARY.

THURSDAY, MARCH 16.

To the WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL ART CLUB show in Suffolk Street. Some attractive canvases, masses of them landscapes, and many of these South of France. Can't go to a single picture-show without meeting the by-products of the Riviera. It makes one long for a flicker of torrid sunshine; of hot blue sea; of Provençal food. Ah, that wanderlust!—or what's the French for it? Aunt Alathea, who tried to exhibit a washy flower-piece here last year, came round with me, her tongue slightly caustic with disappointment, which still rankles.

Presidential Ethel Walker has some nice pieces on view—I liked best her drawings, but the Aunt liked the very individual portrait of "Jean."

Orovida's slinky tigers and starry-eyed deers always lure one; the colour she uses is good and of the jungle—it took me back to the hot weather in the Ghauts, when panthers we were out shooting by day came into the bungalow at night dog-hunting. Amusing contrasts were the ski-ing, sun-bathing tough guys of Veronica Turleigh's "Winter Sunshine," and the Latin, more exotic trio in Braida Stanley-Creek's "Southern Seas." Clara Klinghoffer's portrait of Lucien Pissarro a very capable piece of work.

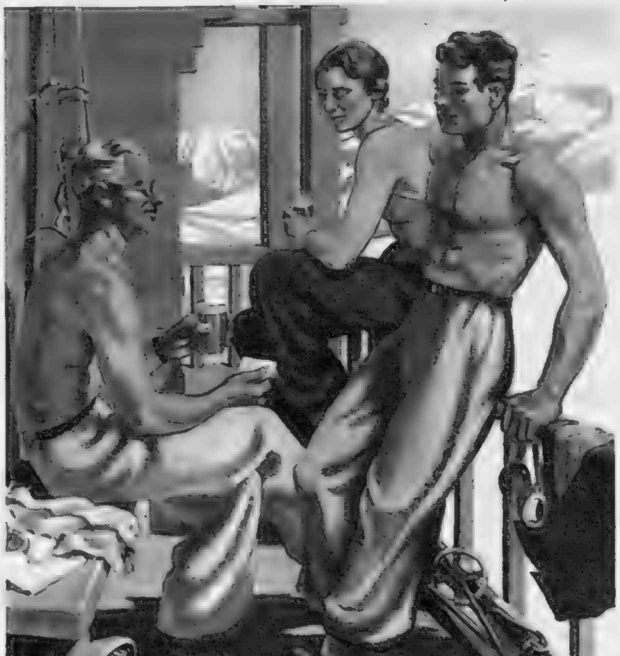
"PORTRAIT OF MISS JOAN INGRAM AS TRILBY"; by *Louis Thomson.*

"SPRING"; by *Ethel Gabain.*

"LADY DAPHNE STRAIGHT"; by *Cathleen Mann.*

Left: "SOUTHERN SEAS"; by *Braida Stanley-Creek.*

Right: "WINTER SUNSHINE"; by *Veronica Turleigh.*



GRAVE NEW WORLD.

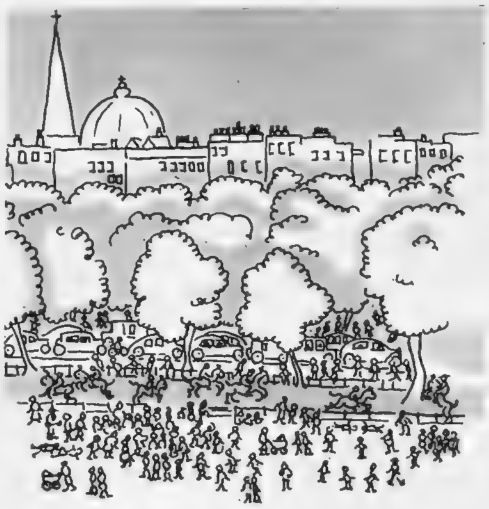
By DOWER and RIDDELL,

AUTHORS OF "INSIDE BRITAIN" AND "OUTSIDE BRITAIN."

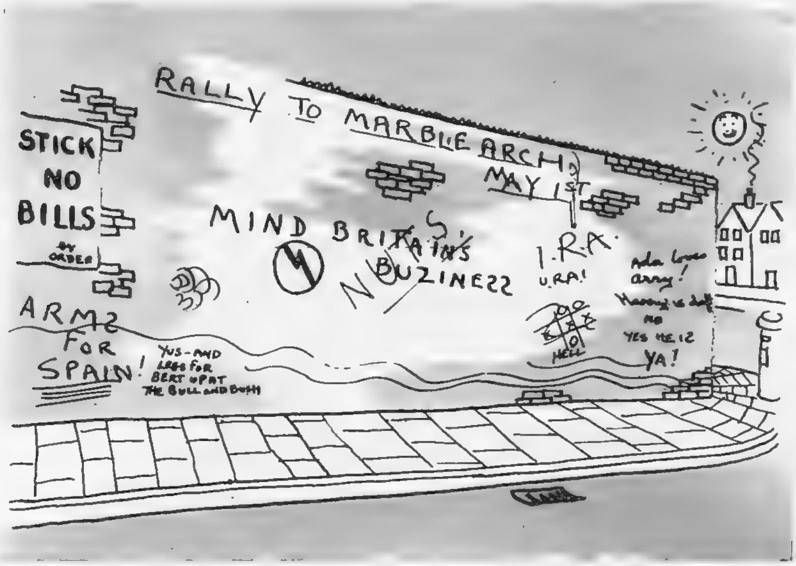
This weekly article is contributed by two people who live and move in tolerably well misinformed circles and feel it is vitally important at this juncture that those in High Places should know immediately what, and if, the People of this country are thinking.

XXII.—SO THIS IS LONDON.

A GREAT deal of space in the papers has been filled recently with plans for the Defence of London, and the balloon barrage has been very much in the air; but there has, perhaps, not been so great a rush to bomb it as one would have expected. At first sight one would have thought that the inclination to do so would have been irresistible, even to hostile aircraft, but as the days slip by, and nothing happens, we find ourselves growing a little anxious—like a girl who travelling home alone on a dark night is too confidently reassured that she will be absolutely safe. Is there, perhaps, after all, something about London that is apt to discourage the alien adventurer?



Congestion of the lungs of London.



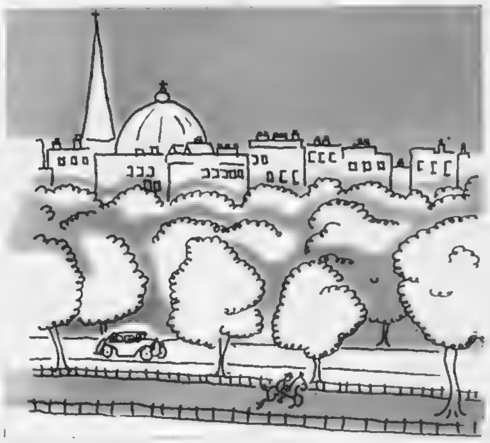
The traditional Wall-game of London.

London is the heart of the Empire, the biggest city in the world. The forty-five million people who live elsewhere in England are all anxious to get to it, and the seven-and-a-half million who live inside it are anxious to get out. We have therefore devised a brilliant scheme of town-planning, the object of which is to hold the balance between town and country, and to make the interior of London as much like the countryside as possible, and the neighbouring counties as like to London as can be. After all, London may be rather a poky hole, but that is no reason why we should live like pigs in it. Under town-planning we ensure—

1. That no building shall be erected within a year of designing it.
2. That once it has been erected it would take an immense amount of bombing on the part of an artistically-minded foreign Power to restore the *status quo.*
3. To preserve intact both the essential principles of private property which are: (*a*) that no man shall lawfully do what he likes with his own property; (*b*) that no one else shall, either.

These regulations maintain a happy balance between the individual and the community, because the Englishman, though he yields second place to none in his readiness to interfere with others' affairs, is above all things an individualist who loathes standardisation and uniformity, and will not tolerate any interference with his natural right to build if he likes, when he likes and where he likes, within reasonable limits. The Englishman's home is his castle.

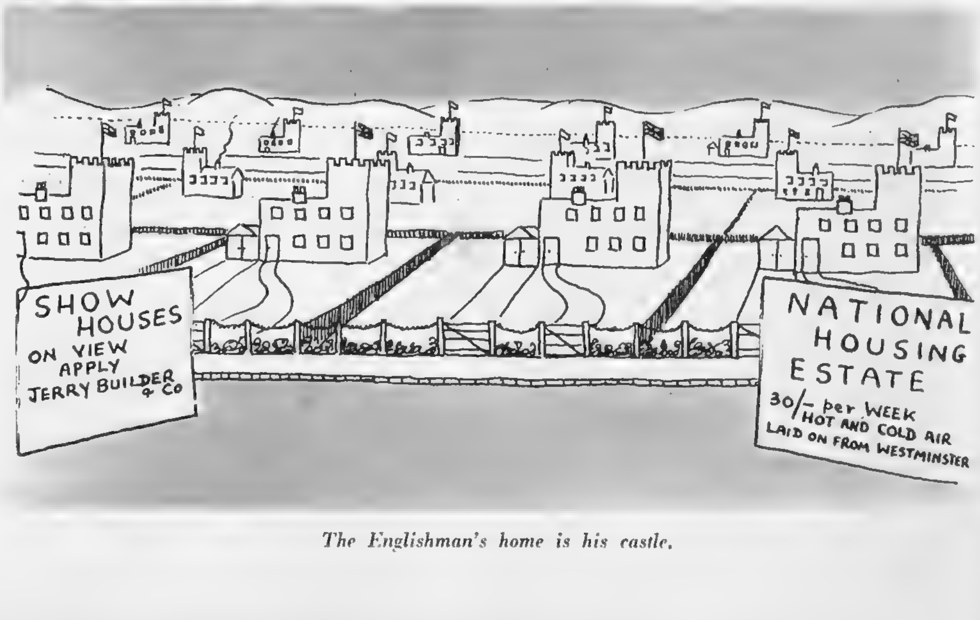
Between these miracles of rare device there run the streets of London, which we are careful always to conserve in all their glorious greyness, for a London street has no parallel at all (even, it seems, in London). These lead in their turns to the great arterial roads which give access to London's Green Belt, and assist in the propagation of Noise and Noxious Fumes. Here, along the broad motor-routes, thousands of tandem bicycles take Young Love to their picnics in the sunshine of London's Green Belt. On either side of these routes lie the cycle tracks, empty by day, but thronged when darkness falls by innumerable motor-cars, where Young Love has another picnic.



The lungs of London.

But the great thing that differentiates London from other capitals is the creation of our Public Parks. These parks are London's special glory. Few of the great cities in the world have anything quite like them. Because of the splendid effect which they have upon the health of the population they have been called the Lungs of London, and between dawn and dusk in Kensington Gardens, and between dawn and midnight in Hyde Park, which is better lighted, the citizens of London who cannot afford to get away at week-ends to their own particular little wet watering-places are able to enjoy one crowded hour of glorious life.

These parks not only make London a city well worth defending, but a city well worth bombing. As soon as the standard has become high enough, it will be recognised that London is the true mecca of the international sportsman where his art can be practised in its most skilled and complicated form. There is no reasonable doubt that, given time and further advertising, bombers will flock to us from all over the world. Not yet has come the moment when we, in turn, will have to flock to the trenches in our parks and have better reason to feel hurt.



The Englishman's home is his castle.

DEBS. AND THE PREMIER IN COURT DRESS.

MISS CHRISTIAN GRANT OF MONYMUSK, *youngest daughter of the Dowager Lady Grant of Monymusk, is an important Scottish débutante, presented by her mother.*

The HON. CECILY BERRY, *youngest daughter of the late Lord Buckland, and of Lady Buckland, was presented by her mother.*

LADY GEORGE MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT, *formerly Miss Molly Bishop, was presented by her mother-in-law, the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch. She wore her wedding dress.*

MISS ROSAMUND FELLOWES, *who has inherited her mother's flair for dress, is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, and granddaughter of the fourth Duc Decazes.*

MISS GHISLAINE DRESSELHUYS, *only daughter of Lady Kemsley, was presented by the Countess Limburg-Stirum, wife of H.E. the Netherlands Minister.*

MISS VALERIE COLE, *presented by her aunt,* MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, *faced the camera with the* PRIME MINISTER *and* MISS DIANA CHAMBERLAIN *(l. to r.) before leaving No. 10 Downing Street for the Palace. Miss Diana Chamberlain is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Chamberlain.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

VIVE la France! is this week's keynote, with *Vive le Sport!* coming in towards the end of the seven days, when our thoughts will have turned to Aintree; and National, rather than International, news will be stirring our pulses. The round of brilliant State entertainments arranged for the President of the French Republic and Madame Lebrun are of the most interesting and varied kind, including as they do, royal and civic entertainments at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle and Guildhall, the Foreign Office banquet, the India Office party, and the historic reception in Westminster Hall by the Houses of Parliament. All we now hope for is a continuance of the brilliant sunshine which has characterised the recent weeks in London!

. . . . . .

Last week was highly diplomatic from the social point of view. The Hungarian Minister and Mme. de Barcza started the ball rolling with their musical party on Tuesday night. Edward Kilenyi played the piano in the ballroom, which is a white-panelled salon with pillared alcoves and rich red damask hangings on the walls and as curtains. His execution is marvellous, and he played the 15th Hungarian Rhapsody, by Liszt, faster than I have ever heard it given. One piece, by Bartok, the Hungarian composer, was entitled "Kicsit azottan," which was kindly translated for us on the programme. It means "a bit drunk," and the music was certainly able to give a vivid idea of what the sensations of the jovially tight must be. A guest seated in front of me kept on "translating" the music, and very cleverly, too. For instance, at one moment she whispered "Now he's trying to find the keyhole of the front door," and then said "Listen; that's his hiccups."

The Minister's daughters, Maria, who is engaged to a Hungarian and is to be married this summer, and débutante Elizabeth, were there to help their parents. Maria is very handsome, and looked extremely well in sky-blue. Mme. de Barcza was in a black dress draped with a dull silver shawl, and wore her tiara rather far back on her hair.

The guests included many foreigners, and members of the Corps Diplomatique, but I also saw plenty of well-known Londoners. Mrs. Claud Beddington, for instance, was there, just back from Hollywood and the Bahamas, and telling everyone how she had become fresh vegetable-salad-conscious. Lord and Lady Beauchamp arrived a little late, she very handsome in black with a fichu of glittering black bugles. I also saw Kathleen Lady Domville, with little bows all up her red shot taffetas frock, and Lady Snowden and Lady Moore, the latter more like an animated piece of Meissen china than ever.

Other diplomatic parties included the reception at the Hyde Park Hotel given by Tawfik Al Swaidy, who is head of the Irak Delegation to the Palestine Conference, and, as it was on the same night as the Hungarian concert, some of the guests went on from one to the other, notably Lady Glyn and Lady Moore. There was a ball at the Iranian Legation on Wednesday, too, at which many well-known people assembled. Mme. Régis de Oliveira has started to entertain again now that she has happily recovered from her long illness. The Carisbrookes went to the Brazilian Embassy for dinner one night and listened to some fine music after. It was provided by Nicastro, a 'cellist. Mme. Régis de Oliveira is a great music-lover and herself an excellent vocalist, so she always has first-class artists at her parties.

Then Monsieur de Gandarillas, the popular Chilean diplomat and patron of the arts, gave a party in honour of his débutante daughter, Carmen. Lady Diana Abdy was one of the most attractive of his guests, her petite figure very smartly dressed, as ever. Lady Rosse was also there, in a purple embroidered dress, but I don't suppose, good needlewoman as she is, that she did the embroidery for this. You will remember she was responsible for the lovely work

His Holiness Pope Pius XII. recei[...] TO GREAT BRITAIN *and* MRS. KENNE[...] *audience at the Vatican. The pa*[...]

LADY CHATFIELD *is the wife of Lord Chatfield, the recently-appointed Minister for Co-Ordination of Defence.*

MISS LUCIENNE MARY ("BUNNY") LEEDS, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Leeds, is engaged to* MR. PETER CLEAVER TILBROOKE.

The HON. MRS. ARNOLD HENDERSON, *daughter-in-law of the late Lord Faringdon, presented her daughters-in-law,* MRS. ROGER HENDERSON *(right) and* MRS. JOHN HENDERSON *at the second Court.*

MISS EILEEN BENNETT *and* MISS OLGA EDWARDES *(right) are the television announcers who are deputising for Miss Jasmine Bligh and Miss Elizabeth Cowell during their holiday.*

H.E. THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR *and some of their children in private is here seen after the visit.*

on the christening robe of her small son, for whom there was a brilliant christening party the other Sunday at her parents' home, Nymans Park, Staplefield. Lady Rosse does not do quilting, nor *petit point*, like most modern embroideresses, but favours the Queen Anne satin stitch, and it was with this that the robe was embroidered.

. . . .

There has been a lull in dances, as the Courts occupied the thoughts of most young people both at the end of last week and the week before. Miss Valerie Cole, niece . Mrs. Chamberlain, arranged to attend the ird Court, after her but had been postponed om the first, through r aunt's illness. She re a white tulle frock.

Miss Rosamund Fellowes, daughter of Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, is probably the most talked of débutante of the year. Like her mother, who is considered one of the best-dressed women in the world, she has a great flair for clothes and dresses in a highly sophisticated manner, and yet in quite a suitable way for her youthful state.

. . . .

I greatly enjoyed the private view of the Royal Amateur Art Society. The rooms at Dame Alice Godman's house were packed on the Sunday, and many members of the Royal Family visited the show on one day or another. Queen Mary followed her usual custom by going on the Sunday, and took the Duchess of Gloucester with her, while the Duke came to fetch his wife and mother later in the afternoon. Princess Alice and Lord Athlone were there at the same time, and later the Princess Royal and Lady Patricia Ramsay paid the exhibition a visit.

As usual, the needlework done by men bearing high military rank was magnificent. The first prize for *petit point* went to Brig.-General Festing. He is six foot five and has hands and fingers of a size proportionate to his great height, and yet the delicacy and fineness of his work is remarkable. The loan exhibition of ivory and tortoiseshell includes some lovely things, of which, I think, the cabinet of Jamaican work, lent by Queen Mary, was what fascinated me most. It is adorned with engravings of native trees, flowers and figures. I was also amused by the ivory and gold toothpick-case, with five gold toothpicks, each bearing the name of one of the five ships sunk by Admiral Howe on the "First of June."

. . . . .

Racing at Hurst Park was a bit chilly on Saturday, and we had to endure a spot of rain, so fur coats and waterproofs were out and about, but there were some very smart hats, too. Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, with her simple felt, and fair hair done in a long, smooth rolled-over bob, was, however, one of the prettiest present and best turned out. Lady Cambridge, a racing regular, was to be observed, trim and tailormade as ever.

Considering how French we are all feeling at the moment, it was very suitable that Monsieur James Hennessy, Senator, and senior partner of James Hennessy et Cie, of Cognac, should have won the Triumph, the new hurdle race for four-year-olds, run over two miles, with his horse Grey Talk. The field was an international one, as it included several horses bred and trained in France, like the winner, and one bred in the U.S.A.

I was reminded by a keen racing friend that it was on February 10, 1909, thirty years ago, that Monsieur Hennessy last visited Hurst Park with his famous horse Lutteur III., which won a National Trial there before going on to win the Grand National of that year. Monsieur Hennessy was heard to say, after the race on Saturday, that his trainer, George Batchelor, his stud groom, and himself had been together for the past thirty-five years, and, as their respective ages were 74, 73 and 72, he did not anticipate waiting another thirty years before paying another visit to Hurst Park!

And now to turn to another subject—music, we are all looking forward to Prince George Chavchavadze's recital on March 24, as this good pianist is giving an interesting programme which includes Busoni's Organ Toccata and Fugue in D minor, some Beethoven and Chopin. MARIEGOLD.

This portrait of MR. HAROLD WARRENDER, *the actor, is a good example of the art of* MR. EDWARD HURST.

LADY PRISCILLA WILLOUGHBY, *younger daughter of the Earl of Ancaster, is engaged to* LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR JOHN AIRD, BT., M.V.O., M.C.

The CROWN PRINCE OF IRAN *and the* CROWN PRINCESS *are seen enjoying tea. The Crown Princess was Princess Fawzia of Egypt, and was married in Cairo last week. She did not appear at her own wedding ceremony.*

MRS. JOHN CODRINGTON, *vice-chairman of the Ballet Ball at the Dorchester Hotel on March 27, in aid of the Lilian Baylis Memorial Fund, has designed this costume to wear at the dance.*

BECHER'S BROOK.

THE GRAND
run at Ain
of the fiel

ONAL, the most famous steeplechase in the world, will be
Friday next, March 24. Here is a typical camera-study
g the celebrated water-jump, Becher's Brook, named after

Captain Becher, who rode Conrad in the first Grand National of 1839, took a toss at this brook, and cleverly dived in, to shelter safely under the nearer bank while the horses and riders thundered over him and swept on.

FROM START TO FINISH.

PLAYS OF THE MOMENT. NO. XXIV.—"NUMBER SIX," AT THE ALDWYCH.

1. *Lecompte's office at the Sûreté in Paris. Police chiefs of three nations are all tracking one man.*
Hallett: "I will be brief. I want your assistance regarding a man named Cæsar Valentine."
Hallett (Campbell Copelin), Lecompte (Denis Val-Norton), Commissioner O'Leary (Bennett O'Loghlen).

2. *Valentine walks in demanding police protection.*
Valentine (Franklin Dyall): "I suppose they are what may be termed death notes."
Hallett: "Death notes?"
Valentine: "Threats to kill me."

3. *Enter the first unknown quantity.*
Hallett: "My agent is here with Number Six."

4. *Valentine and his stepdaughter Stephanie (Rosalyn Boulter).*
Valentine: "There's a man here! Why, it's Harvey!"
Harvey (Gordon Harker): "Blimey! I must have dropped off."

5. *(left). Valentine engages "Tray Bong" Smith to run a house-party of all Valentine's special enemies, to discover the sender of the "notes."*
Smith (Bernard Lee): "You want me to find your unknown enemy and destroy him?"
Valentine: "Well, and what if I do?"
Smith: "I am not a killer."

6. *(right). Young love steps in.*
Henry Lester (Robert Eddison): "Why do you always stop me just when I am starting to make love to you?"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

7. *Smith kills a policeman who has been trailing him.*
Valentine: "Stop! You damned fool!"
Smith: "It was the only chance I 'd got."

8. *Valentine helps Smith out of the* impasse.
Valentine: "We 're going to lock this door on the outside and make it look as if it had been locked on the inside."

9. *Harvey, caught snooping, passes it off.*
Valentine: "You 've got your gun, Pasquale?"
Pasquale, his servant (Dino Galvani): "Si, signore."
Valentine: "What were you doing in there?"

10. *On board Valentine's yacht. Valentine gets jittery.*
Harvey: "I was thinking about—the ace of spades with the point at the top—pointing to you. That card means death."

11. *Valentine is shot by an unseen assailant.*
Voice: "I 've come, Cæsar."
Valentine: "Welland!"
Voice: "No, it isn't Welland—you 're wrong there."

12. *Harvey (to Lester):* "Looking for your lighter? Is this it?"
(l. to r.): "*Tray Bong*" *Smith; Stephanie; Lester; Harvey.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

TAKE OUR ADVICE

AND DO NOT FAIL TO SEE:

"TOPPER TAKES A TRIP," at the Odeon, Leicester Square. Marion Kerby (Constance Bennett) returns to earth from the spirit world and dances with Topper (Roland Young).

Half-flesh, half-ghost, Marion begins to fade away. On earth she was Topper's platonic friend under compromising circumstances. Now dead, she returns to do a good deed to qualify for the spirit world.

Topper goes on dancing with the half-ghost.

Topper may still think he has a partner, but to the naked eye there isn't much left of Marion.

PLAYS.

"UNDER YOUR HAT" (*Palace Theatre*). *Jack Hulbert as Secret Service agent in search of a stolen carburettor; Cicely Courtneidge as his jealous wife. Plenty of wit; tuneful music; clever chorus. What more could you ask of an excellent show?*

* * *

"THEY WALK ALONE" (*Shaftesbury*). *Macabre, tense portrait of homicidal maniac by Beatrix Lehmann; with a farm background. Carol Goodner as sane, intelligent farmer's wife. Melodrama naked, unashamed, and enthralling.*

* * *

"GAS LIGHT" (*Apollo*). *A first-rate thriller of imagination, intelligence and tension, by Patrick Hamilton. Dennis Arundell as a Victorian husband who plays on his wife's nerves (Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies) with intent to drive her mad. Milton Rosmer as a detective, threading in and out after clues of a twenty-year-old murder.*

FILMS.

"LE PATRIOTE" (*Studio One*). *Familiar drama of Count Pahlen's treachery (Pierre Renoir) and his betrayal of his friend, the tyrannical Tsar Paul I., played by Harry Baur, who makes of it an amazing human portrait. Suzy Prim as the Tsar's mistress, who marries the Tsarevitch.*

* * *

"TROIS VALSES" (*Curzon*). *An elegant and charming version of a successful French operetta in which a romance in three movements, with Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay as the lovers, demonstrates the change in social standards since the 'sixties.*

* * *

PICTURE GALLERIES.

Sabin, 154, *New Bond Street:* Drawings of old London. **New Burlington,** 5, *Burlington Gardens:* A century of French Caricature, 1750-1850, with some English caricatures of the Napoleonic period. **Wildenstein,** 147, *New Bond St.:* Contemporary English Paintings.

For further advice see page iv.

While every effort is made to keep this list up to date, it is just as well to check it with your daily paper.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON.

THE SLEEPING PRINCESS WAKES UP.

MARGOT FONTEYN *will dance the part of Princess Aurora in Tchaikowsky's famous ballet, "The Sleeping Princess," before their Majesties the King and Queen, and the President of the French Republic and Mme. Lebrun at the Covent Garden Gala Performance to-night, Wednesday, March 22. This fine camera-study shows her as the Princess joyously waking up and returning to life after her sleep of a hundred years. Robert Helpmann will be the Prince.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

"THAT'S smart stuff," said John Keats, when they first gave him a taste of whisky. In the same way, "THE GATE REVUE," at the Ambassadors, comes with an agreeable stinging warmth to the palate. It arrives under first-rate feminine escort. Miss Hermione Gingold and Miss Joan Swinstead are the principal drolls and satirists in person, armed with a droll and satirical script by Miss Diana Morgan, Mr. Robert Macdermot, and others. Mr. Walter Crisham is there to lead the dance. But it is a case of "Ladies First."

London, seen by way of Kensington, Tube, and Fleet Street; the country, seen through wet week-ends or road-house windows; the Empire, with white men whiter than ever; that Transatlantis which is always boo-hooing about its blues; Vienna, where congress always dances and frogged jackets would a-wooing go—these are usual themes,

Sherriffs' few notes on "BLACK AND BLUE," *at the Hippodrome, begin with* FRANCES *(wedding)* DAY;

if you like, but given unusual point in a revue which is full of smart, enlivening stuff. Miss Gingold as cinema attendant, pantomime fairy, "Only a Medium Medium," or as Britain's Blanche among the White Men and the Blacks, is extremely entertaining; while Miss Swinstead, no less efficiently, puts Kensington girls and musical snobs in their places. It is the particular business of revue to stick pins and needles into our social pretenders and "Musical Snobs" makes a very happy opening for a show which keeps felicitous to the close. I had not previously seen Mr. Reginald Beckwith's male strip-teaser, a sweet, shy fellow, offering the most modest exhibition of haberdashery and pantaloonery. Meet Mr. Beckwith.

"BLACK AND BLUE," at the Hippodrome, depends almost entirely upon the personalities of Miss Frances Day and Mr. Vic Oliver. It can do that safely. Mr. Oliver chatters or fiddles away with unquenchable energy. Nobody could be more pat with his patter; what is more, the patter has point as well as plenty. Mr. Oliver's gags are fresh and gay and pithy, and have a good deal of sense in their nonsense. 'Tis true, 'tis pithy; 'tis pithy, 'tis true. Miss Frances Day has an exceptional capacity for playing to one of the largest houses in London and yet making every member of the audience feel that she is delivering a personal call, and whispering its mischief or its melody directly into his or her ear. Whether she is being flighty or whether she is being soulful, she communicates her ditty with a perfect certainty of touch. Slight and silvered as a moonbeam in appearance, she can draw and hold a huge audience as firmly as a tiny crescent of light in the sky can draw and hold the ocean's tides.

To assist these principals there is some good work by Miss Enid Lowe, some twisty triumphs of acrobattery by the firm of Cass, Owen and Topsy, and an astonishingly ingenious piece of puppet-manipulation by Mr. Bob Bromley. I am accustomed to being immensely bored by marionettes—that is, after the first five minutes. People will make the mistake of believing such dolls'-houses to be habitable for a whole evening. Mr. Bromley makes no such blunder, and does not outstay a warm welcome. He just dangles his exceptionally well-designed puppets in front of us for a few minutes: on the instant they become human, and their every movement is so natural as to deny the visible wire which controls it.

In "Black and Blue," the "Pomont Skittish News" seemed to me audacious and excellent; one or two of the sketches audacious and dull. Mr. Max Wall, a witty dancer, has the less witty parts to act. By the way, are people going on for ever trying to be funny about grand opera? The item called "Faust and Furious" struck me as a pain in the neck; but perhaps that was merely because something had gone wrong with the ventilation, and I was sitting in a Polar draught. Anyhow, it's not the sketches, but the people that matter. Miss Day and Mr. Oliver win.

The number of plays given a Sunday or suburban trial is now immense. At the beginning of each week one could have a choice of half a dozen. Last week I voted for Richmond, where there was a good cast to present "OUT GOES SHE," by Arnold Ridley and Bernard Merivale. Since so many of the recent plays have been about the dead or the doctors, I was not at all surprised to find that Mr. Hugh Miller had just stepped from the Westminster consultations of G.B.S.'s Cutler Walpole to those of a Dr. Harvey Allister; nor was I surprised to find that Mr. Miller's second play was not as good as his first. But that another doctor's dilemma should fail to be as stimulating as Mr. Shaw's was natural enough. In this case, however, the embarrassed doctor had plenty on his hands: a wife who was a songful *diva*, a lady friend who went frantic about the premises and committed suicide in his consulting-room, and a pestilent solicitor who strongly hinted at the inquest that the doctor had first taken the lady in and then bumped the lady off.

So it cannot be said that the authors sent us empty away. Perhaps their fault was to attempt rather too much: lavishly blending a clever study of a jealous, neurotic, possessive woman with the miseries of her

MAX WALL—*not interested in the Rokeby Venus, or any other;*

young protegée, as well as the doctor's adventures in and out of matrimony and the coroner's court. It made a full evening, if a trifle confused, and was notable for the support given to Mr. Miller by Miss Barbara Couper, Miss Peggy Livesey, Miss Jenny Laird, Miss Marjorie Stewart, and Mr. John Garside. The last's performance as the nagging lawyer in the court scene was absolutely first-rate.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

HOLLYWOOD'S pursuit of the "rich-girl-poor-boy" theme continues. In fact, it seems to have settled down into something like a serial, to which Warner Brothers have contributed a merry chapter headed "HARD TO GET" (Warner Theatre). Poor boy is a garage manager who refuses to accept rich girl's promise in payment for petrol. Instead, he puts her to work in settlement of her bill, for which indignity she is determined to punish him, posing as her maid to do it, and, of course, falling in love with him during the masquerade. It is a go-as-you-please story, leaving plenty of time for Charles Winninger to indulge in his sporting hobbies as an eccentric, kindly old millionaire; for Dick Powell to barge into the sanctums of irate financiers with a money-making plan to sell, and to be frequently and forcibly ejected; for Olivia de Havilland to be haughty and tender and always lovely, and even for Mr. Powell to warble a pleasant little ditty. There is fun on a sky-scraper, whither our hero—by now a riveter—is courageously chased by rival financiers, and whence he descends to wealth and matrimony. A jolly, inconsequential comedy, this, smartly written, lightly handled, and breezily entertaining.

"TOPPER TAKES A TRIP" (Odeon) is a sequel to Hal Roach's first "Topper" film, in which Thorne Smith's light-hearted ghosts started their screen career. The present picture borrows its opening scenes from the original production just to explain what this comic fantasy is all about. The irresponsible young Kerbys, killed in a car crash, find their further promotion in the spirit world dependent on the performance of a good deed. Mrs. Kerby decides to come to the aid of Cosmo Topper, whose wife is engaged in divorcing him, and is being reluctantly forced into the arms of a Riviera gigolo. The efforts of the blonde spook are not a little embarrassing to poor Topper, and Roland Young, pushed and propelled by an energetic "guide," who fades out continually, leaving him to account for double drinks, double meals, two beds, and a dog-basket (for the famous Skippy, a canine ghost), is a joyous spectacle. Constance Bennett, evidently allowed free access to a celestial wardrobe, materialises elegantly and gaily; whilst Billie Burke, as Cosmo's foolish, loving wife, dithers delightfully. Camera magic plays amazing and amusing tricks in a piece that often rises to comedic heights, but does not always escape the pitfalls of many sequels which, in repeating a good joke, appear to labour the point.

Somewhat in the nature of a sequel, too, is "THE GANG'S ALL HERE" (Regal), in which Jack Buchanan, the debonair insurance detective of "Smash and Grab," is dragged out of extremely snug retirement to deal with a big jewel robbery. But detective-stories can pile up adventures with a free hand, and "John Forrest" has been set an entirely new problem to solve, with the help of his devoted butler—Edward E. Horton at his best—in a useful yarn of a foreign Prince, hard-pressed for money, who combines with a gang of crooks to steal his own crown-jewels. The director, Thornton Freeland, works up the comedy for all it is worth, nor does he scruple to drive it to the frontiers of farce, and a little bit over, in a climax that contains an element of satire on the American gunman. Jack Buchanan, slick, resourceful, and discreetly clowning; Otto Kruger, a cool and crafty master-crook; and Syd Walker, a stolid Cockney sleuth, get full value out of their well-contrasted character-studies; and the whole company picks up the excellent tempo set by the director in a polished and thoroughly enjoyable picture.

BOB BROMLEY, *who made the maestro, and the maestro made the music;*

Any picture whose title indicates an excursion to the frozen fairyland of the Arctic—or Antarctic—regions will take me, post-haste, to any cinema. But "NARTISHA OF THE NORTH" (Rialto), in which the late Dr. Rasmussen realised a long-cherished desire to make a true-to-life film in East Greenland, has qualities to arrest the attention of filmgoers who do not succumb so easily as I to the enchantment of the "white wilderness." Dr. Rasmussen, of whom we catch a glimpse, heading the expedition, wrote a simple scenario in which Nartisha, an Eskimo beauty, is wooed by two lovers. Samo, a mighty hunter, who nearly wins his bride with a splendid Polar-bear skin, stoops to desperate tactics, such as knifing and attempting to spear his rival. Palo, however, crosses a mountainous sea in his frail kayak to carry off his woman, tied to the slender craft that negotiates the perilous home journey in safety, whilst Samo, following in their wake, is drowned. The Eskimo players, who go about their daily tasks apparently unconscious of the camera, are bright and child-like people, easily moved to laughter, shy in their courtship, stoical in suffering or sacrifice, and intelligent enough to respond easily to Dr. Dalsheim's effective direction. Their tribal customs, the seal-trapping and bear-hunting and scenes of life in their primitive camps, introduce a strong documentary interest into a picture whose unpretentious drama has sufficient strength to stand up to the magnificent panorama of its backgrounds.

And VIC OLIVER *and acquaintance.*

A spy-story based on the activities of Marthe Richard during the Great War, forms the subject of "MARTHE RICHARD—AU SERVICE DE LA FRANCE" at the Berkeley. Since Mlle. Richard herself supervised the details of the drama, and chose Edwige Feuillère to enact her part (which is mainly concerned with the enslaving and duping of a German secret agent, played by Erich von Stroheim on his customary lines), we cannot question the authenticity of the incidents in this tale of war-time espionage. As entertainment, however, the picture scarcely rises to the standards we have come to expect in French productions, either in treatment or in characterisation. Though the inclusion of several actual shots of the period is designed to lend conviction to the drama, the unreality of a universal language has not been overcome, and the action, despite moments of tension, often fails to create the impression of something personally experienced. Talking of French films, "Louise," with Miss Grace Moore in the title-rôle, is due at the Carlton to-morrow, March 23.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page IV.

"THE FOOD OF LOVE."

A MUSIC ARTICLE BY FRANCIS TOYE.

THE IMPORTANCE OF AMATEURS.

MR. TYRONE GUTHRIE, speaking at the Critics' Circle dinner last week, based a comparatively optimistic view of the future of the serious theatre on the great and increasing interest in it now shown by amateurs throughout the country. His view may or may not be justified, but the change of conditions shown in the fact is very striking. Up till quite recently amateur theatricals were the very reverse of serious-minded.

In music, on the other hand, amateur effort has for long played a most important part and still continues so to do. For instance, it was the amateurs at Cambridge University, under the ægis of Edward Dent, who took a leading part in re-introducing to this country Mozart's operas as operas, not as mere vehicles for singers. Cambridge University, too, has led the way in the dramatic presentation of Handel's "Semele," "Jephtha," and "Saul." Oxford University has specialised in Monteverdi. At Glasgow, music-lovers have been provided with opportunities to hear the unfamiliar Berlioz operas. At Liverpool and Bristol, also, amateurs have at one time or another done yeoman service in the cause of opera—which cause, indeed, speaking generally, owes more to amateur than to professional effort so far as this country is concerned.

MME. MARGHERITA GRANDI.

MME. MARGHERITA GRANDI, an Italian of British birth, will be heard for the first time in England in the exacting rôle of Lady Macbeth at the sixth Glyndebourne Festival, which opens on June 1 and continues until July 15. MME. HELLA TOROS, who has already been heard at Covent Garden, will be the Donna Elvira for the Glyndebourne "Don Giovanni"; and SIGNOR GINO DEL SIGNORE, a young Italian tenor, will make his English début in "Cosi fan Tutte" and "Don Pasquale."

MME. HELLA TOROS.

SIGNOR GINO DEL SIGNORE.

It is scarcely necessary to mention the choral societies, those especial glories of British music, associated for the best part of a century with amateur effort. Amateur orchestras are of comparatively recent growth, but they seem to increase every year alike in numbers and efficiency. Many other instances, doubtless, could be brought forward, but these will suffice to show the present importance of amateur effort in the scheme of British music. Nevertheless, I should like to see it more important still, for it is impossible to exaggerate the potential value of the amateur in music. Music, to be really healthy, should rest on the broad base of amateur activities, for the merely passive listener is of comparatively little importance, while the professional is (or should be) so talented as necessarily to remain an exception.

One of the troubles is that the secondary meaning of the term "amateur" has become derogatory, as shown especially in the adjective "amateurish," which in practice is now synonymous with "incompetent." It is really important that the word "amateur" should be restored to its original and honourable significance as one who is a lover of the arts. For I am convinced that ultimately the salvation of music depends on the noble army of musical amateurs. In times of stress like the present there is no room in the ranks of professional music for anybody whose talent is not absolutely first-rate. Never (with the possible exception of singing) has the competition been so ruthless; never have the opportunities been so few. It is a pity that the great majority of those who take up music do not rest content with being amateurs. There is no reason why an amateur musician should not attain a very high level of proficiency, different in kind, of course, from that attained by many professionals of the second or third order, but unquestionably of great value.

If people, professionally engaged in other pursuits, devoted to music the enthusiasm and the leisure which they now devote to golf or bridge, the stigma attached to the word "amateur" would very soon disappear. Doubtless it will always be impossible for any half-timer, however keen, to attain a technical mastery akin to that of the great professional players and singers. But how many professionals of this calibre are there? Very few. To be proficient either as an instrumentalist or vocalist it will probably have been necessary at some period or other for an amateur to have given his time wholly to music. But that time need not necessarily be a very long one, and, when it is over, the opportunities for leisure enjoyed by most men and women nowadays should suffice to maintain a technical standard adequate to musical expression. It should not be forgotten, moreover, that, at his best, the amateur has at his command a very real expressive quality peculiar to himself.

England has been reproached with being a nation of amateurs. Let us accept the reproach with pride, for in the days of our musical greatness, as is well known, it was part of the necessary qualifications of Elizabethan gentlemen to be able to sing and to read a part at sight. There is no reason in the world why such a fashion, or its broader modern equivalent, should not again be established among us. If it ever is, we shall see a renaissance of music such as we never dreamed of, for it is in a soil like this that great composers thrive.

Incidentally, there is, I think, far more room for amateur composition than is often supposed. From one point of view it is easier for an amateur to equip himself adequately as a composer than as a singer or an instrumentalist. I do not mean to say that the world will ever see a half-time Beethoven or a dilettante Wagner; the necessity for musical expression is too imperious in such men to brook any rival occupation whatever. But Beethovens and Wagners are rare birds; there are hardly more than a dozen of them in the whole history of music. Even the category below the great masters is severely restricted in numbers. The competence of the average composer can, I believe, be acquired by an amateur of exceptional talent and application. There have been historical instances to support this view. Borodin, for example, was a chemist by profession, while Rimsky-Korsakoff and Moussorgsky served in the army and the navy respectively for many years while writing their music. It is perhaps unwarrantable to deduce any general rule from such remarkable instances as these, but they do show, at any rate, that it is not impossible for amateurs to reach a very high standard in composition.

MISS RISÉ STEVENS, *a young American singer, will be the Cherubino for the Glyndebourne "Figaro."*

Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra concluded the successful series of Sunday afternoon concerts at Covent Garden on March 19. The programme included Gretry's and Mozart's Concertos with René Le Roy.

"GRANDFATHER'S FURTHER FOLLIES"— ALL FROU-FROU AND FEATHERS.

MISS ROBERTA HUBY is one of the girls of "GRANDFATHER'S FURTHER FOLLIES," the new show at Grosvenor House. Here she is in the "Florodora" number, one kept in from the original show. The latest entertainment contains extracts from nearly 150 old-time tunes; and presents seven speciality acts and six ensembles, all within the space of an hour! The girls are all trained vocalists as well as skilful dancers.

Above: MISS PEGGY EDWARDS, MISS CYNTHIA STEVENS, *and* MISS DOROTHY MEEKS *in the wedding number, which provides a brilliant finale and always produces at least four curtain-calls. There are just over forty performers in this slick, well-produced and delightfully dressed entertainment.*

Another group of the wedding number, showing (l. to r.) the MISSES DOROTHY MEEKS, BUBBLY ROGERS, ROBERTA HUBY, CONNIE HUNGATE, MARY BARLOW, DOT BATCHELOR, *and (seated)* PEGGY EDWARDS *and* CYNTHIA STEVENS.

MISS MARY BARLOW *in her frilly and befeathered "Florodora" costume. Note the frou-frou effect of the petticoats in true "naughty 'nineties" style.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER NORTH.

THE LOVE OF FOOD.

By X. MARCEL BOULESTIN.

SALMON is now in season, as they say in shops, and will be with us during many months; for they have now left the seas and are taking the waters inland. We finish their cure in the kitchen. This "silver-scaled, pink-fleshed anadromous fish," says the Oxford Dictionary, "is much prized for food and sport." Judging by the photographs in *The Sketch*, it must be a superb sport. To be honest, it is less exciting in the kitchen.

It can be said that there are several kinds of salmon: the Scotch salmon, which is the favourite in England, with its rich, darkish flesh; the *saumon* from the Rhine and the Loire, much paler, and not so oily; and . . . tinned salmon, which has a taste and a consistency altogether different. When it first appears, expensively shown, we all think it is delicious. And it is, but we must not eat it too often just plainly boiled, hot or cold, with a sauce and slices of cucumber. Luckily, it is a fish which lends itself admirably to culinary treatment.

"The Scotch salmon."

". . . there large salmon slept. . ."

Walking in Bond Street in the morning.

Yet I cannot help thinking that all these "treatments," exquisite as they may be, are not in the English tradition. . . . I remember the salmon of pre-war London seasons; majestic, symbolical of something which seemed then immortal. There were two shops in Bond Street, two small fish-shops; there large salmon slept, gracefully arranged on enormous blocks of ice, surrounded by leaves and ferns, with, next to them, big crabs and little baskets of moss containing plovers' eggs.

People walked up and down before luncheon; stopped and talked. Incredible as it may seem now, you could talk, hear, stroll. No vapours of petrol, no deafening noise, except an occasional whistle, when a hansom would arrive, silent on its tall wheels. . . . Bond Street in the morning. Solidity, luxury. Where are the hansom-cabs, the plovers' eggs, the ghosts? Bond Street remains, but nobody strolls in it—and the salmon? So, since Bond Street has unwillingly surrendered to modern treatment, the Scotch salmon can well tolerate French methods. We can consider salmon either as a fish entrée, or as a main dish for a meatless day. For instance, we can have the following menu for a luncheon—

MENU.

Omelette aux Tomates.
Saumon Volga.
Pommes Nouvelles.
Salade Verte.
Compote de Pêches au Kirsch.

The potatoes, small and plainly boiled, should be served with the salmon; the salad, endives or lettuce, well flavoured with *fines herbes*, by itself; and the compote of fresh peaches with liqueur but no cream, as the sauce for the salmon is a creamy one.

For a dinner, the salmon, prepared differently, just appears in the usual place of any fish—

MENU.

Turtle Soup.
Saumon Bretonne.
Selle d'Agneau Jardinière.
Soufflé au Chocolat.

Saumon Volga.—Take a piece of salmon in the middle cut, allowing about two pounds for five people. Remove the skin, and season the salmon all over with salt and freshly-ground pepper. Take a large piece of butter-paper, have it well oiled on both sides, and wrap the piece of salmon in it; that is, fold it neatly, like a brown-paper parcel. Do not tie it, but keep the folded ends under when you put it in the well-buttered fireproof dish in which it is going to cook. Cook in a moderate oven, basting the paper occasionally, about three-quarters of an hour. Serve in the same dish in the paper, which is removed in the dining-room. This old-fashioned way of cooking gives in this case excellent results, for the flesh is soft, yet not greasy, and well flavoured.

Serve at the same time a sauceboat of the *Sauce Volga*, which is a variation of the *Sauce Mousseline*. Put in a pudding-basin two yolks of egg, a drop of cold water, a little lemon-juice, salt and pepper, and one ounce of butter in small pieces. Cook, stirring all the time—the basin standing in a saucepan of boiling water. It soon thickens; add more butter till you have enough sauce. Remove it from the fire, stir in a small quantity of whipped cream and a puddingspoonful of caviare. This sauce cannot be more than warm, as the butter would melt too much.

Saumon Bretonne.—Have some slices of salmon about one inch thick; cut them in cubes; sprinkle them with salt and pepper and toss them in butter at the foaming stage, together with a few mushrooms cut in slices, for two or three minutes. Move the pan to the oven to finish the cooking; about a quarter of an hour will do. Then take it out (and do not forget when you use it a little later that the handle will still be burning hot); put the pieces of salmon and mushrooms in a serving-dish, and sprinkle them with chopped parsley. Melt a good piece of butter in the pan; when at the foaming stage, add lemon-juice, and pour over the salmon in the dish. Serve at once.

Selle d'Agneau Jardinière.—The saddle of lamb is roasted in the ordinary way. Meanwhile, prepare the *garniture jardinière*, which is a mixture of young spring vegetables. You can use whatever you have, but there must be about four kinds: carrots, turnips, French beans, peas, or globe artichokes. These are first boiled—and it is advisable to boil them separately, as they might not all be ready at the same time—then cut in pieces, seasoned with salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Butter is stirred in till melted, but no more, and you can either mix the vegetables together, or they can be disposed in separate little heaps.

"GONE WITH THE WIND" TRIANGLE.

"GONE WITH THE WIND," *Margaret Mitchell's best-seller novel, should make a breath-taking film. It is being produced in Technicolor by David O. Selznick, who has had great difficulty in finding the ideal actress to play Scarlett O'Hara. He finally decided on* VIVIEN LEIGH *(left).* LESLIE HOWARD *will play Ashley and* OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND *is to be the saintly Melanie. Our group shows these three looking over the script of the film. The important rôle of Rhett Butler is to be taken by Clark Gable; and George Cukor is to direct.*

THE CLASSIC BOATER, with just a slightly forward tilt to the crown to give it piquancy, makes a triumphant reappearance in coarse biscuit-coloured straw banded with black gros-grain. It is young and it is tremendously smart.

THE WIDE-CROWNED BOATER takes itself more seriously, for it has a striped gros-grain band beneath the chin and a fine honey-coloured embroidered veil across the face, even though it is made in the same coarse straw.

PASTELS AND FEMININITY make suit news this spring. Finnigans' have this charmingly simple suit in pastel colours, and with it they put a delightful flesh-coloured georgette blouse with a hand-tucked and faggot-stitched front. The suit costs 7½ guineas and the blouse 67s. 6d.

JOHN EVERARD

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

TOP OF THE CLASS

DEMURE AS ANY SCHOOLGIRL, with a youthful swing to her skirt and a body-line that is moulded to the top of her hips, she wears a navy-blue jersey dress with a band of white piqué beneath the short sleeves and a crisp piqué bow at the throat. This, too, comes from Finnigans', 17, New Bond Street, and is complemented by a high jersey béret trimmed with cord, and very much in the mood of the moment.

THE HIGH-CROWNED BOATER, last but not least of this distinguished trio from Scott's, 1, Old Bond Street, W. Its air of sophistication is heightened by the blue Petersham underlining of the brim and by the wide blue band intersected with fuchsia, the ends folded flat to give width at the back. Like all boaters, it has an ageless charm, looking equally good on anybody between the ages of seventeen and seventy.

WITH BEST WISHES . . .

WEDDING presents can be divided into several categories. Those that are little more than a formal acknowledgment of the invitation to be present at the ceremony. Those that are bought with much loving thought and foresight. And those that, like the marriage itself, are intended to stand the test of time.

Into the last-named class come the things photographed on this page. They have the dignity and charm of tradition, the workmanship throughout is magnificent, and the harmonious and restrained designs accord well with modern schemes of decoration.

The tea-service is of Prince's Plate, and is ornamented with engraved bands. The tea-pot, made from one piece of metal, has a short spout and is very easy to keep clean, and the cost of the whole set is only £9, with £4 12s. 6d. extra for the tray.

Right up in the luxury class is the walnut cutlery cabinet, for its three drawers contain everything that is needed for twelve people, including a wheel knife-sharpener. In the beautifully balanced Athenian pattern, with carved "Tusca"-handled cutlery, fish and fruit knives and forks, the price is £65, or with Prince's Plate handles, £64.

The polished oak case above contains a complete set of cutlery for eight people. The table and cheese knives and the meat carvers are of stainless steel, and, like the fish knives and forks, they have "Tusca" handles. In the well-known Rat-tail pattern, the cost is £16 10s., or for £18 you can make your choice from three other patterns.

All of them can be seen at Mappin and Webb's, London, where there are endless and always completely satisfying solutions to every gift problem.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MR. ANTHONY POWELL is a fascinating novelist whose satires on contemporary life are etched with as fine an instrument as any writer of to-day possesses. It is inevitable, perhaps, to compare him with Mr. Evelyn Waugh, for their gifts have much in common. In both, the creative imagination is too strong to be satisfied with satire: it seeks expression in fantasy and builds a world of its own—a world in which ludicrous and painful situations fall to the lot alike of the just and the unjust. Mr. Waugh carries the heavier guns, but Mr. Powell hits the target quite as often, and, at his best, drills a neater hole.

"What's Become of Waring?"

He is not quite at his best in "What's Become of Waring?" yet, in some ways, the book is up to his standard. The technique is as firm as ever; the dialogue has its old snap; and the plot is extremely ingenious. The narrator, a member of the publishing house of Judkins and Judkins, shares the anxiety of his firm to find a suitable biographer for one of their authors lately dead. T. T. Waring had been a writer of travel books, in which he successfully blended globe-trotting with philosophy; in his modest way he had been a best-seller, and not only an author to his readers, but a personality. They would want to know about him all there was to be known. But this was not much, because the traveller had successfully concealed his identity: like his namesake, he had given them all the slip. The task of piecing together the fragments is entrusted, after the claims of other candidates had been examined, to Captain (Tiger) Hudson, a plain man with almost no previous experience of literary work, but a deep admiration for T. T. Waring. Chance brings to light a number of facts of rather dubious authenticity, which suggest others still more speculative. Captain Hudson is discouraged by these revelations, but he sticks to his job — more faithfully than he sticks to his fiancée, Beryl. (The vamp who crosses his path had reached a stage in her career when she only cared to charm solid, serious men.) Deeply ashamed of his betrayal of Beryl, he accompanies the narrator to the South of France, where the scent grows hotter, the clues to Waring's past history distressingly numerous. But the story is not over yet.

MR. H. V. MORTON, *the well-known author, and* MRS. H. V. MORTON *are among the fortunate travellers enjoying a West Indian cruise on board the "Letitia," in common with other "well-knowns."*

DR. ALINGTON, *the Dean of Durham, and former Headmaster of Eton, cruising on board the "Letitia," looks as if he were thoroughly enjoying his holiday.*

MR. RICHARD HUGHES, *author of "High Wind in Jamaica," and "In Hazard," is another literary celebrity aboard the "Letitia" for her delightful West Indian cruise.*

CAPTAIN ARTHUR EVANS, M.P., MISS DIANA SAMPSON, *and* MR. FRAZIER JELCKE *at the Porcupine Club, Nassau. Mr. Jelcke has recently given several moonlight dinner parties aboard his yacht, "Sea Owl."*

A Divided Intention. Mr. Powell guides us with his usual skill through the intricacies of this farcical quest, though not with quite his usual economy of means. More than once some of the characters, ignorant of the progress of the chase, have to be put in possession of facts the reader already knows, and this entails a certain amount of recapitulation. And there is the further drawback that the cat is sometimes out of the bag before Mr. Powell means it to be, so that its appearance is rather a confirmation than a surprise. The fact is, I think, that Mr. Powell is handicapped by his plot: he would like to be more serious than it allows him to be. His picture of the séance, in which Waring's death is supposed to be foretold, shows a different, lighter kind of satire than that which he applies to the publisher's office. Compared with some of the characters, the brothers Judkins (at any rate, in the early stages of our acquaintance with them) are almost straight portraits: afterwards one goes slightly mad, but with the madness of pathology, not satire. Captain Hudson and his Beryl are drawn with sympathy and insight and hardly ever guyed, except perforce by the ridiculous circumstances in which they find themselves. It is this slight division of intention which prevents "What's Become of Waring?" brilliant and accomplished as it is, from being one of its author's most successful books. It is less undeniably a work of art than they were — a phenomenon which often happens when an author is trying to extend his range. But Mr. Powell was right, I think, to try; for the tract of experience covered by "Afternoon Men" and its successors was too restricted to give proper exercise to Mr. Powell's talents.

"Despair and Delight." Gone are the days when a ghost-story used to be a costume piece, a minor offshoot of the historical novel. The ghosts of modern fiction, if they appear at all, are apt not to appear in human shape, but as Things, indescribable, except for some remote resemblance to a toad. Often they are just Influences. At the same time they usually derive from the past, and this is the case with the bugbear of the Thurstone family, which made Parrock Court such a dangerous house for its owners to live in.

"Despair and Delight" is only one per cent. a ghost-story. The bulk of it is taken up with country-house life; an amusingly described meeting of the local Conservative Association puts us in touch with some of the worthies of the district. There was another country house besides Parrock Court in the neighbourhood of Murston—Murston Park, a much happier house than Parrock. For one thing, its owners (though Major Harvel was always crying poverty) had plenty of money to keep it up. Mrs. Harvel was a hypochrondriac who every few months believed herself in the grip of a new disease which would rapidly carry her off. But she really enjoyed her nervous apprehensions; they made her more interesting to herself; she glowed with complacency and self-pity as she thought of the consideration she was showing to her family by not telling them of their coming loss. Moreover, she was a woman with a will of iron concealed under a rather irresponsible manner. To me she is the heroine of the book, though convention would award that title to her daughter, Jane, who was attracted

[*Continued overleaf.*

Continued.]

by her eccentric neighbour, Charles Thurstone, and suffered considerably when he died as the result of a motor accident that looked like suicide.

The Heir. His cousin, Michael Thurstone, who succeeded him, was an ordinary young man doing routine work for a pittance at an institute for the Study of Comparative National Cultures. With a charmingly light touch, Mr. Arnold describes a specimen morning at Michael's office. He was slightly depressed at the dullness of his life and the poverty of his prospects, and would occasionally boast of the property that was coming to him. But Charles was his contemporary, and he did not expect to inherit until he was grey-headed, if then. His cousin's death threw his whole existence out of gear.

He could not afford to live at Parrock Court, and if the lawyer had had his way would never have stayed there the fatal night that caused his subjugation to the house. But so potent was the spell of the place, he did stay; and staying, learnt what sort of men his ancestors had been; gaining some knowledge of the life of his immediate predecessor. All this might have warned him of his danger, but it was on him before he realised.

Mr. Arnold handles his theme with a skill and subtlety worthy of that pastmaster of this type of novel, Henry James. In spite of some sinister features, Parrock seemed a delightful and romantic house; a short distance away was Murston Park, all sunshine and security; and Jane Harvel was beginning to have for Michael a feeling she never really had for Charles. The weather seems set fair. We feel, rather than see, the shadow approaching, the cloud no bigger than a man's hand. Until almost the end Mr. Arnold manages to make his story square with probability; his references to the supernatural are so slight as hardly to disturb the rules of three-dimensional life. To affect Michael's deliverance he does not call in the fourth dimension, as would have been the nobler, if more difficult, course. The solution he does find for breaking the spell of Parrock is a practical one—but one that the reader cannot easily credit. It is the only serious blemish on a delightful and original story.

A Plain, Unvarnished Tale. "Without Comment" is a plain, unvarnished tale about an English family living in Switzerland. It is, I think we may fairly say, an unpleasant family. Mrs. Halloran is one of its most amiable members. She is a snob, it is true, but she loves her children and her husband, and would like to be loved by them in return. Alas, her husband, a poor creature, has already fixed his roving eye on Valérie Ferguson, an eligible, pretty, second-rate woman with a nearly grown-up daughter. Mrs. Halloran hopes the flirtation is only a passing fancy, but it proves not to be; after a series of mortifications divorce proceedings are begun, and Mr. Halloran gets his freedom. A home life of this kind certainly did not give the children much chance, and what chance they had they did not take. The younger daughter, Sue, is perhaps the pick of the bunch. She retained an affection for her impossible father long after that parent had forfeited all claim to their regard, and when the time came for her to fall in love she did so in quite a reasonable manner. Janet, on whom the story centres, I found less sympathetic; her love-affair with the handsome married captain at the Dutch watering-place (the children had gone there for a change of parentage, as it were) reflects little credit on her and less on him.

Poor Peter was always fairly hopeless, and as the story proceeds his natural weakness of character turns into something worse. Parents should be warned by his fate to put their house in order and bring up their children with care and circumspection. This seems to be the moral of "Without Comment." If no moral is read into it (and Miss Beauchamp, as her title indicates, is not a priggish writer) it becomes, in its main outlines, a succession of rather dusty incidents taking place in rather garish resorts where people go to enjoy themselves. The children's knowledge is precocious, their conversation free, and they cherish (Sue excepted) but one ambition—to have as good a time as they possibly can. Miss Beauchamp describes them without prejudice. She has a realistic outlook on life, and this is an asset to her art: we never feel (except perhaps in the case of Peter's suicide) that she is stage-managing her story.

[*Continued on page iv.*

The fifth annual golfing dinner of the R.A.C. COUNTRY CLUB, *Woodcote Park, Epsom, was held recently, with the Captain, Mr. Edmund Gibbons, in the chair. Mr. Gibbons retires in May, when Mr. Bennett, the Captain-elect, will take his place. Formed in 1913, the club was used as an officers' training centre during the war, till 1919, when it reverted to its former use. Three years ago the club-house was destroyed by fire; the present fine building was then erected, and with its two golf courses, a swimming-pool, and other attractions, it makes splendid country quarters for the R.A.C.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

A FEW years ago I spent many pleasant hours listening to some of our most famous professional golfers answering my question : " What do you consider the finest golf you have ever played ? " The answers were as surprising as they were varied. The late Harry Vardon recalled a shot he made from a bunker in which the ball was buried ; Abe Mitchell thought a round in which he played to get into the bunkers, because that was the only possible way of getting near the greens, was his best. Ted Ray told, not of his championship success in this country or America, but of winning a district tournament, because he had to do so — his name had been inadvertently engraved upon the trophy before the competition commenced ! In some cases, a single shot, played years before, lives in the memories of the famous men, just as similar achievements, the holing of an approach or putt, an extremely long drive or a hole in one, survive far more important happenings in the lives of amateur players. But I find that in many instances stormy weather provides the theme for memorable rounds ; and no wonder, because of the trials and discomforts it occasions. At a professional tournament at Hunstanton a little more than a week ago, I had the unusual experience of watching some of the finest professional golfers in the eastern counties taking eights, nines, and even tens, for holes, and returning cards which, in different circumstances, would do little credit to a " junior medal " club competition. None went round in eighty or fewer strokes, and some took one hundred or more. I imagine those taking part will not readily forget that wild day, when the gale made Hunstanton's delightful course almost unplayable.

MR. H. P. V. MASSEY, *the diminutive cox of the Oxford Boat-race crew who will meet Cambridge in the annual contest on April 1, is a keen golfer. Though, owing to Boat-race training, he cannot find much time to play, he keeps in form by practising on a table with a waste-paper basket to act as the hole he is playing approach shots to. He is the son of the High Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada.*

Oxford *versus* Cambridge. At the moment, some of us are thinking of another tempestous day in midsummer of last year. It was the day when Reginald Whitcombe fought and beat the gale which raged over the Royal St. George's links at Sandwich, to win the Open Championship. The match between Oxford and Cambridge Universities is now in progress here on the same links. The match lacks the wild excitement of the championship occasion, but it concedes nothing in keenness to a championship contest. To those taking part it is the biggest golf occasion of their lives. I suppose even John Langley, the Cambridge captain, who has the remarkable record of having won the Boys' Championship, reached the final of the English Championship, and played for Great Britain against the United States, regards this match, in which he captains Cambridge University, as one of the great occasions of his young life. No golfers work harder at the game than the University players in their preparation for this contest. For about six months they start out in the wintry dawn to engage club teams in matches each week-end, and thus earn their places in the Oxford or Cambridge side. To many that is the beginning of a competitive golf experience which, in the past, has led to the success of so many old " Blues " in major tournaments and championships. But by the time you read this the first day's play will be over, and as the match concludes to-day, I have no intention of being so rash as to predict the probable outcome of the Varsity contest. Three months ago I would have had no hesitation in forecasting an overwhelming success for Cambridge. Oxford had to build their team ; Cambridge appeared to be blessed with a plethora of golfing talent. But hard work and practice have made all the difference, and when Oxford " took the field " they were a different side from that which went through the whole of the Michaelmas term without winning a single match. By this time I hope that this will have been proved by a close finish at least, and possibly a " surprise " success for Oxford.

An All-Comers' Event. Another particularly entertaining golf tournament this week is the very open foursomes organised by the Sunningdale club. There is no tournament which provides quite the same amount of fun as this, which is open to everybody : " Lady golfers (amateur or professional) " says the official circular ; professionals and " all other golfers, including assistants," may enter in any combination of partnership. The professionals play from plus two ; amateurs and assistant professionals are rated at scratch ; while all ladies will play off handicap four. Last year, Miss Pam Barton and Alfred Padgham were the winners, and I would have thought that a partnership of a skilful woman golfer and a professional would have proved the most successful combination. But that has not always been the case ; more frequently are amateur-professional pairs successful, and ungallant though it may appear, I cannot help thinking that men stand the strain of important matches better than women. On the other hand, it may be that women lack the physical strength required for recoveries from some wild shot played by their male partners. Strangely enough, there have been very few female partnerships in this tournament. With a joint allowance of eight handicap, it looks as though they might test any other combination. I have not the list of entries before me, and there may be some feminine partnerships taking part, but, in any case, there will be plenty of interesting golf to watch in the tournament on Thursday, Friday and Saturday at Sunningdale.

Temple regained the BERKSHIRE COUNTY LADIES' INTER-CLUB CHALLENGE SHIELD *at Maidenhead with a net aggregate of 347. Calcot, the holders in 1938, who beat Temple by one stroke last year, were second with 362. The scores of the winning team were : Miss Mosenthal, 81 ; Mrs. Bayley, 87 ; Miss Parker, 87 ; and Mrs. Van den Berg, 92. The Newbury team was third, and Sonning fourth.*

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES : *The Illustrated* **Sporting and Dramatic** *News ; Every Friday.*

THE MODERN WOMAN–ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE

1

Beauty en voyage

Beauty may travel light or with a posse of cabin trunks: wherever she goes you'll find a Beauty Box at her side—a treasure chest of beauty planned for her especially by Elizabeth Arden.

The Beauty Box you admire, above, is an Elizabeth Arden masterpiece at 20 gns. Fitted to the smallest detail. In black or navy calf, or pigskin.

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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"WHY, they wouldn't look at it. Think of the marvellous pictures they publish in their amateur photographers' competition, and then imagine, if you can, anything that the Stock Exchange could produce in the shape of good photographic subjects."

"How about yourself trying to pick up a jobber in Molasses? Or putting a client into Celanese? Or compelling another client to stick to Cements? I reckon that any of them would make a wonderful picture."

"Not a hope," The Broker replied. "The photographs that *The Sketch* publishes week by week are wonderful, and I don't say that simply because the paper happens to print the tripe you talk——"

"I had a shot at the competition," The Engineer observed; "and with what I thought was a good effort of mine. But I'm obliged to admit that it didn't come within streets of the set they printed that week."

"So you laid you down and cried."

"Indeed, I didn't. I'm going to appear one week, see if I don't. It's a competition that makes you feel you're obliged to go on getting better and better at photography. Strikes me as a fine idea for encouraging good work."

"And you don't think the Stock Exchange would provide you with suitable subjects?"

"Can't say that I do, even if the Managers would let me take pictures in the House."

"One day we shall see a film with Stock Exchange scenes in it," The Jobber prophesied.

"One day we shall have an interesting and informative talk about Stock Exchange markets on the wireless."

"Newspaper shares have been going up lately, I notice," said The Engineer. "Is there any special reason for that?"

"Only that the prices had fallen overmuch beforehand. Moreover, directly trade improves in London and the Provinces, the papers feel its repercussions in next to no time."

"So that you can pot the red off the repercussions every time."

"I beg your pardon? We were talking about newspaper shares—not billiards."

"Quite all right," waved The Jobber. "It was merely my poetical way of saying that you could make a succession of profits if you were lucky."

"Is that ever done?" asked The Young Man. "To my ignorant mind, it seems well-nigh impossible to make a profit on every speculation you go in for."

"So it is," The Broker agreed. "I should say that if you make money seven times out of ten, you're either very lucky or very well-informed."

"Don't you think," The City Editor enquired, "that the real test is one of patience? We are liable to get so fed-up with stocks and shares which don't respond as we expect them to do, that we sell them, out of sheer boredom."

"At a loss?" The Young Man queried.

"Pretty nearly always. If the prices keep firm, or if they rise, we don't worry about the things. We think 'What a cute boy am I!'"

"It's only when they go down, down, down that the day comes for our patience to be exhausted, and we say, 'Oh sell the damned things and be done with them!'"

"Which may be the time when you should be thinking of buying a few more, rather than selling what you hold."

"We've seen that kind of thing fairly frequently this year," The Broker said. "Look at the market in Argentine Railway stocks. One day, you couldn't sell them because there were no buyers: next day, you couldn't buy them, because there was no stock in sight. Mad markets, aren't they?"

"Mad, but with methods in their madness," The Jobber argued. "You know how we here, in this insignificant Carriage——"

"It's only a compartment, after all," The City Editor corrected.

"We did decline to believe in any outbreak of European war, and we did agree, all through the piece, that the one thing we mustn't do was to sell good shares——"

"And the other was to refuse to be put off buying decent stock with whatever money we could lay our hands on."

"But none of us had any money, in either of the two crises."

"Somebody had; or they raked it up later. It must be so, otherwise we shouldn't have seen such rises in shipping, iron and steel, cables, motors, engineering—in all the whole collection of Industrials, in short."

"Not to mention Home Railways, British Government, Chinese, Brazilian, and goodness knows what else. The prices couldn't possibly have gone up as they did unless there'd been fairly powerful buying to absorb the stock."

"There wasn't much stock knocking about," The Jobber remarked.

"How can you tell that?" The Young Man asked. "Every paper says so, but is it just a parrot-cry, or what?"

"There's more in it than just parrotery," The Broker coined. "You want to buy, say, a thousand shares of some good concern. I go into the market and find the dealers in those shares have got a few hundred on their books. I take those for you——"

"But they will go on selling shares in the ordinary course of business, surely?"

"Normally, they would. When you find that nine men out of ten who come to you are buyers, that makes you cautious. You put up your price. Still no sellers appear. Still more buyers come along. That's how we find out how bare a market is of stock or of shares. See the idea?"

"The buyers must be very keen, if they will follow up a rise and be ready to pay the advanced prices."

"'Keen'? Greedy is more the word for it. They are convinced there will be no war, and they see a chance of peaceable settlement in Europe. So it's on with the motley Stock Exchange securities, and up with their prices! Excelsior, in a word."

"Don't let your enthusiasm run away with you too far: that's my advice," said The City Editor. "There are plenty of good shares it will pay you to watch."

"That's a thing I can never understand," confessed The Young Man. "I try to read my papers intelligently, and I find they constantly tell me that this share or the other is worth watching. What actually does that mean?"

"It means what it says," The City Editor defended. "The shares deserve to be watched. That's clear enough, surely."

"Yes; but what good do I get out of just watching them? I like watching hyacinths grow, we'll say, or kittens, but I don't get any fun out of seeing share-prices go up and down."

"You would if you held the shares."

"Of course; only my paper doesn't tell me to go and buy them. I am just told to watch them. What's the use of that to me?"

"You might gain some idea of the extremes of highest and lowest that the shares are likely to touch."

"Assuming I do. The day when the price falls will be one that follows a war-like speech from Hitler or Mussolini—a speech that will make us all feel we had better keep our money in the bank."

"Then your Watch must be on the Rhine, that's evident."

"You're none too helpful to us thirsters after financial knowledge, Sir. Almost you persuade me that I hear yet another parrot-cry."

"It may be so," The Broker agreed. "If you confine yourself to watching, you might as well put your money into War Loan and then go and play golf for the rest of your life."

"That doesn't suit me," The Young Man declared. "I want to be doing something: making business and making money——"

"Which is not always the same thing," The Merchant told him.

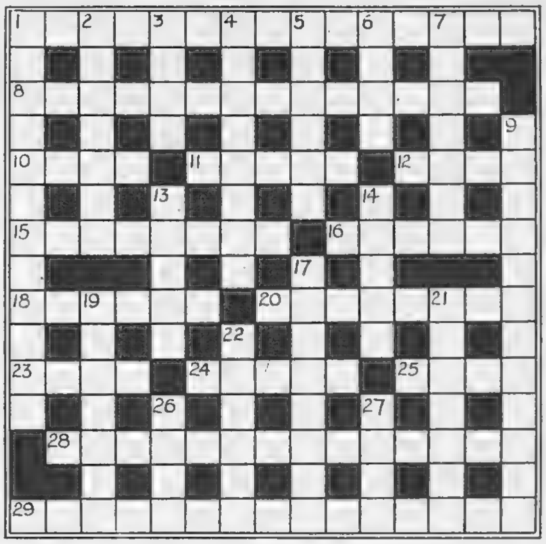
"I shall make mistakes as well, I've no doubt. Don't you ever get backhanders in the Stock Exchange?" he asked The Jobber.

. . . .

". . . and if only I could have snapped the expression on The Jobber's face," The Engineer told his table at lunch-time, "that ten-guinea cheque from *The Sketch* would have been as good as in my pocket by now."

Friday, March 17, 1939.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Domestic marches on, unlikely to be billeted at home (two words; 9 and 6).
8. Connected with "Victoria Regina" (two words; 7 and 7).
10. Floated a company when others were in liquidation (4).
11. Piercing (5).
12. Opening has gone to pot! (4).
15. Polite to say with this and cheaper than with flowers (8).
16. May help you to sketch, though not journal (6).
18. Like conjuror, town can produce rabbit (6).
20. Sovereign in advance of era makes levy in respect of orders (8).
23. Jane will give you name of book (4).
24. Scotch county (5).
25. Getting outside it, Esau got into one (4).
28. Even non-financiers know this for depreciated capital (14).
29. Result if private business were run on Government lines (15).

DOWN.

1. Localities for concealment arouse painful recollection in schoolboy (two words; 6 and 6).
2. Suddenly (7).
3. Precursor of La Fontaine, so rather prominent (4).
4. There's nothing special about this meal (8).
5. "——, —— toil and trouble; Fire burn, and cauldron bubble" (6).
6. Scold looks down on liar (4).
7. Partly above happiness (7).
9. Woman created this monster-creator (12).
13. "Per ardua ad ——" (5).
14. Part of fork minus lightning (5).
17. Given the chuck at carnival-time (8).
19. Don't make a song about Frenchmen who keep on waiting (7).
21. Terrace after brethren (7).
22. Interdict on literary gossip is not fruitless (6).
26. Tangled ruse shows up him who uses (4).
27. Lady makes money in India (4).

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If you value your health–insist on

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GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON *The largest gin distillers in the world*

MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

I VERY well remember, when I was a youngster in the motor journalists' ranks, how we used to look up to French and Italian cars as having qualities of speed and stamina and road worthiness which our own products lacked. The reason was always the same: that the long, straight highways of France and Italy, coupled with the absence of speed limits, enabled fast and roadworthy cars to develop as a matter of course. In recent years, however, British manufacturers have tackled the foreigner on his own ground, with the result that we now produce what are, without doubt, some of the fastest cars in the world. A wonderful demonstration of our supremacy in this field was given the other day by Pomeroy, the technical editor, and Gordon Wilkins, the humorist artist, of the *Motor*. As befits members of the staff of a motoring paper, they decided it was *infra dig.* to go to the Berlin Motor Show by train, and went by road instead. They had not too much time at their disposal, so they succeeded in borrowing a privately-owned twelve-cylinder short-chassis Lagonda saloon. They picked the car up in Brussels and set off for the German capital.

Without any conscious "blinding," they found that, on the outward journey, they had averaged 83 m.p.h. between Hanover and Berlin, a distance of 217 miles. They wrote and told the Lagonda people this, with the result that our mutual friend at Staines suggested that they might, as a matter of interest, see whether they could get back from Berlin to Hanover, on the return journey, a bit quicker. Excluding a five-minute stop for petrol, Pomeroy and Wilkins, driving in turn, averaged 95·26 m.p.h. for 217 miles. In the first hour they averaged 97·24 m.p.h., and the second hour they averaged 83·33 m.p.h.—a really remarkable performance. The Lagonda people point out that this was a standard car in touring trim, and photographs taken in the course of the run show this to be a fact.

Another outstandingly fine performance was put up recently at Montlhéry track on a 4½-litre Bentley with a nicely streamlined body. This averaged 107 m.p.h. for one hour, while the fuel consumption was remarkably low, something like 17 m.p.g. being recorded at 90 m.p.h. The potential maximum speed of the car is said to be about 120 m.p.h. It is a perfectly normal four-seater saloon, but everything has been carefully streamlined so as to reduce wind resistance to the minimum. In this way more of the power of the engine is used to drive the car, instead of merely pushing the coachwork through the air. The head-lamps are nicely faired off into the wing-valances, and the pass-light fits neatly into the somewhat un-Bentley-like radiator cowl. The value of proper streamlining on really fast cars can be gauged from the fact that instead of 150 h.p. or so being required to propel a car at 100 miles per hour, a power of only 100 or 110 h.p. will do. This is well inside the capabilities of the normal Bentley. A specially high overdrive gear, giving a ratio of 2·87 to 1, was arranged, so that the engine would only run at the moderate rate of 3300 r.p.m. at a road speed of 100 m.p.h.

This delightful car is a DODGE DE LUXE "SIX" SALOON, *priced at £415. It is posed in the old-world setting of the Essex village of Great Bardfield.*

This fine DAIMLER 2½-LITRE TWO-DOOR FIXED-HEAD COUPÉ *was built for "Stratstone" by Corsica Coachworks, London. It was photographed at Packington, Warwickshire. The Ford and Packhorse Bridge can be seen in the background.*

This TRIUMPH "DOLOMITE" 2-LITRE "ROYAL" SALOON *is a distinctive model finished in deep purple with a silver-grey interior. All "Dolomite" cars are fitted with automatic chassis lubrication and Lockheed hydraulic brakes.*

THE R.A.C. RALLY.

Well, the R.A.C. Rally continues to be popular, no fewer than 221 entries having been received for next April's event, which finishes at Brighton. The most popular group of cars entered are saloons of over 15 h.p., of which no fewer than 56 figure in the list. Next in popularity come open cars up to 10 h.p., with a total of 43, while open cars of over 15 h.p. account for 40 of the entries. The maximum number of cars allowed from London, 75, has been received, while Blackpool comes next in popularity with 57 cars, Stratford-on-Avon with 54, and Torquay with 35. An innovation in this year's Rally is a "colonial section," somewhere up on the Yorkshire moors, about three miles of real rough stuff. Those who fear to damage their superb coachwork and thus prejudice their chances of winning a prize in the coachwork show, can dodge this section if they wish, but they lose five marks by so doing. Although competitors are supposed to drive right through the first night of the Rally, they are allowed four or five hours for breakfast at the central rallying point at Scarborough, so that those who are able to get a move on between the last control before Scarborough and arrival at that resort may be able to get two or three hours in bed—enough, in any case, to take the edge off their fatigue.

I hear that the authorities at Brighton are making all sorts of preparations to give competitors and their passengers a really good time. Certainly, few places can compare with Brighton for the variety of entertainment provided, and I, for one, am keenly looking forward to a day or two at "London-by-the-Sea."

By Appointment *to the late King George V.*

Coachwork by Thrupp & Maberly

Since 1760 Thrupp & Maberly Coachwork has set a standard for beauty, luxury, excellence of workmanship and graceful design. Thrupp & Maberly produce the finest coachwork that can be built, and have a staff of experts to advise you and to incorporate your own ideas in any body style you may require.

Illustrated is a Thrupp & Maberly 7 Passenger Enclosed Limousine on a 25/30 h.p. Rolls Royce "Wraith" Chassis.

SOLE CONCESSIONNAIRES

ROOTES LTD.

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

ONE WEEK IN THE LIFE OF A KILLER.

[Continued from page 528.]

It sounds evil, but to the philosopher there is of course no such thing as good or evil. These two women are in my way. Consequently I shall remove them. That is all there is to it.

SUNDAY.

It was easy. I went to my aunt's house to-day and spent the whole afternoon there. I read her forty pages of "The Pilgrim's Progress." It was a perfect picture of Sabbatical calm.

The evening came. We dined. The bottle of Kümmel was put on the table with the coffee. They drank. I pretended to drink. My heart beat a good deal, but with excitement, not fear. Soon they slept. The old lady snored in her bed; Maude drowsed in the great armchair. I put on my rubber glove—very, very carefully.

I was not foolish enough to bring a weapon. No. I took the poker and went upstairs to the old lady's bedroom. I hit her eight times—not with all my force, but with a woman's force. I am subtle, and do not make mistakes. Then I moistened my glove in the blood and left a print on the wallpaper, another on my dead aunt's neck, another on the window-pane, and another on the poker. After that I changed the Kümmel bottles and went away.

I was safe. I had earned half a million—five hundred thousand pounds—with a little deep thought and eight strokes of a poker.

I think I shall buy a good yacht. I shall sleep well to-night.

On March 7, in Penang, Malay Peninsula, a daughter was born to Mr. and MRS. J. GORDON WINCHESTER, *late of Manchester and Rhos-on-Sea. They already have a small son, Peter John, aged three years. Mrs. Winchester is the daughter of Mrs. A. Hugh-Jackson, who is well known in Fleet Street.*

I should like to see Maude's face when she is arrested for the murder.

MONDAY.

The police came to-day, of course. Had I been there? Of course, all day. When had I left? Immediately after dinner. Where had I gone? Home. Had I quarrelled with my aunt? No; but she and Maude had had words. Did I mind if they took my fingerprints? Of course not! Here they are—one, two, three, four, all five of them. And good-day to you, gentlemen, and may the person who murdered my poor old aunt hang like a dog!

Fools! I shall take a long holiday right round the world. . . .

TUESDAY.

There is something wrong. I have been arrested.

Why? Why?

They say that they have found my fingerprints on the poker, the wall, the window! It is impossible! Impossible! Not *my* fingerprints! No, no! There is a mistake——

Wait! Wait!

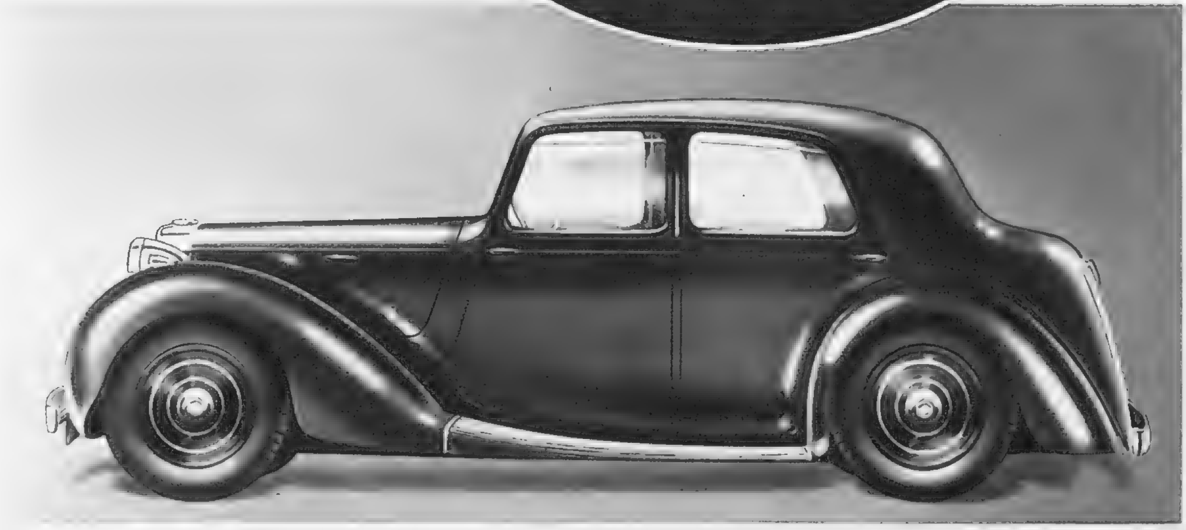
I see now. Yes, I see. I made a slight blunder.

Those rubber gloves—one PEELS them off. That is to say, they come off *inside-out.*

Maude's prints, therefore, were on the *inside* of the gloves when I put them on again. My prints, pressed into the naphtha-soaked rubber, were on the outside. It appears that I have gone to all this trouble merely to leave my own fingerprints. [THE END.]

Introducing the

TRIUMPH TWELVE



There is nothing experimental or untried in this model. It has a lively performance, economical fuel consumption, a high degree of silence and very powerful hydraulic brakes. The modern trend in exclusive coachwork finds perfect expression in the graceful sweeping lines and special attention has been given to riding comfort and the interior appointments.

Many luxury features in the general specification mark the "Triumph Twelve" as the most advanced car in its class. **PRICE £285.** Full particulars of the "Twelve" and "Dolomite" range gladly sent on request.

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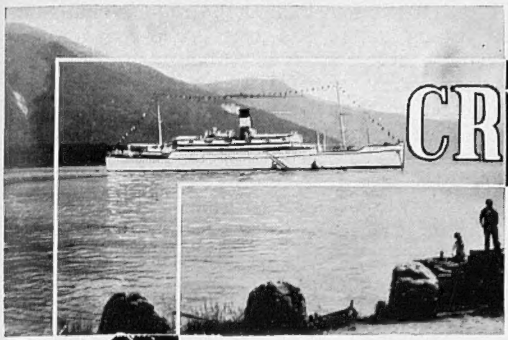

CRUISING

April to September

VOLTAIRE AND VANDYCK

PORTUGAL
MADEIRA
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ALGIERS
EGYPT
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NAPLES
MONTE CARLO
NORWEGIAN FJORDS

First Class Only. *Window or porthole in every room.*

APRIL 6 . EASTER . 2 CRUISES

"Voltaire" from Southampton to Mediterranean, calling at Gibraltar, Villefranche (Monte Carlo, Nice), Naples, Capri, Lisbon. **18 days from 25 gns.**

"Vandyck" from Liverpool to Canary Isles, calling at Casablanca, Teneriffe, Santa Cruz de la Palma, Madeira, Lisbon. **18 days from 25 gns.**

APRIL 29 TO EGYPT

"Voltaire" from Southampton to Eastern Mediterranean, calling at Gibraltar, Athens, Alexandria (for Cairo), Malta, Bizerta (for Tunis), Lisbon. **24 days from 35 gns.**

MAY 13—"Vandyck" from Liverpool to Canary Isles. **14 days from 18 gns.**

MAY 27 (Whitsun)—"Voltaire" from Southampton to Mediterranean. **18 days from 25 gns.**

JUNE 17—"Vandyck" from Liverpool to Norwegian Fjords. **13 days from 17 gns.**

JUNE 24—"Voltaire" from Southampton to Atlantic Isles. **13 days from 17 gns.**

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"EN-TOUT-CAS"

By Appointment to the late King George V.

By Appointment to H.M. the King of Sweden

HARD LAWN TENNIS COURTS

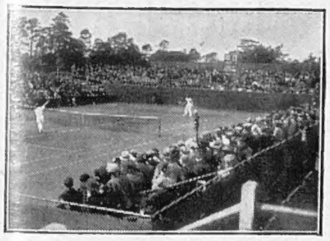
Have again been selected for the

BRITISH HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS
(Tenth year in succession)

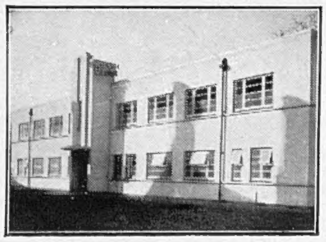
BRITISH JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS
(Twelfth year in succession)

INTERNATIONAL PROFESSIONAL TOURNAMENT
at Southport
(Fourth year in succession)

WHAT BETTER EVIDENCE of PRE-EMINENCE and RELIABILITY?



The West Hants Club, Bournemouth



Leicester Club, 4 Squash Courts, Plunge Pool, etc.

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2 SQUASH COURTS AND SWIMMING POOLS
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THE EN-TOUT-CAS Co. Ltd., Syston, Leicester
LONDON OFFICE IN FORTNUM & MASON'S SPORTS DEPT., 182 PICCADILLY, W.1

The car that made 14 h.p. motoring famous

This is the first advertisement

for the Vauxhall "Fourteen" since we announced this new car last October—and even this is rather in the nature of an apology. For only by trebling our manufacturing schedules are we at last catching up with a demand that has overwhelmed us since the Motor Show. Such is the reputation of the Vauxhall Fourteen that many motorists placed orders before even seeing the car. While this confidence in the name Vauxhall is very gratifying, we would prefer you first to have a thorough trial on the road, which you can do now at any Vauxhall dealer.

The New
VAUXHALL
14 *Six*

Before you decide on your next car, see and try the new Fourteen at your local Vauxhall dealers'. Write for literature to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton, Beds.

THE NEW VAUXHALL FOURTEEN IS

BIGGER
with longer wheelbase, wider track, and much more roomy coachwork,

LIVELIER
the new 6-cylinder engine gives more and *smoother* power,

SAFER
all-steel integral construction and hydraulic brakes,

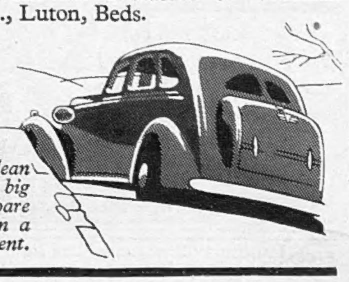
EASIER TO DRIVE
all silent all synchromesh gears, adjustable steering wheel, etc., etc.

SMOOTHER
latest Vauxhall torsion bar, Independent Springing, trouble-free, steady on corners,

MORE LUXURIOUS
arm rests to all seats and many new luxury features,

AND ECONOMICAL
30 miles per gallon at an average speed of 30 m.p.h.

DE LUXE SALOON
£230



NOTICE *the clean rear lines and the big luggage boot. The spare wheel is housed in a separate compartment.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.—*(Continued from page 556.)*

"Foreigners Aren't Knaves."

With "Foreigners Aren't Fools" Mr. Christopher Hollis made a name for himself as a sane, enlightened and well-informed commentator on world affairs. In "Foreigners Aren't Knaves" he develops his ideas, though this time using a different method. Bobby, a traditionalist and a Catholic, exchanges letters with Algernon, whose religious convictions do not appear, but whose political views suggest a mild form of liberalism. Algernon is the more sceptical and interrogative, Bobby the more affirmative and constructive. Both are good-tempered controversialists. Bobby finds a deep cleavage between Fascism and Nazi-ism; the latter he detests, in the former he sees many redeeming features, though as a Christian he cannot approve a system of government which makes the state into a god. "Perhaps it has turned the money-changers out of the temple, but, doing so, it has converted the temple into a drill hall." "Foreigners Aren't Knaves" abounds in remarks that are—rare combination—both pointful and non-provocative, if we except one or two statements, such as "No mortal character can remain uncorrupted by the degradation of not going regularly to church." Mr. Hollis's object is to be conciliatory; and if, in the pursuit of this aim, he puts the case for the dictator countries in a more favourable light than some of his readers will appreciate, they will have to admit the force of his arguments.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

What 's Become of Waring? By Anthony Powell. *(Cassell; 7s. 6d.)*
Despair and Delight. By Ralph Arnold. *(Constable; 7s. 6d.)*
Without Comment. By Barbara Beauchamp. *(Arthur Barker; 7s. 6d.)*
Foreigners Aren't Knaves. By Christopher Hollis. *(Longmans; 5s.)*

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, MARCH 15.

ACROSS.—1. Caterpillars. 8. Haricot. 9. Andorra. 12. Dhow. 13. Remit. 14. Scat. 17. Dungeon. 18. Exposer. 19. Nitrite. 22. Tulloch. 24. Real. 25. Henna. 26. Stun. 29. Niagara. 31. Uniform. 32. Housebreaker.

DOWN.—1. Cardoon. 2. Tack. 3. Ratteen. 4. Imagine. 5. Lode. 6. Sir. 7. Rhododendron. 10. Races. 11. Antirrhinums. 15. Begin. 16. Spill. 20. Tiara. 21. Ewe lamb. 22. Tonsure. 23. Outpour. 27. Taps. 28. Bilk. 30. "Ich."

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"LITTLE LADYSHIP" (Lyric). 8.30.—Ian Hay's adaptation of a Hungarian comedy; Lilli Palmer as a bored young wife who returns to school; Cecil Parker as the husband.

"AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE" (Old Vic). 8.—Ibsen and Roger Livesey make Norwegian municipal affairs enthralling.

"DESIGN FOR LIVING" (Haymarket). 8.30.—Diana Wynyard; Rex Harrison; Anton Walbrook in Noel Coward's triangular amoral comedy.

"GOODNESS, HOW SAD!" (Vaudeville). 8.30.—Robert Morley's comedy of a film-star in theatrical lodgings in hiding from his fans. Hugh Sinclair and Jill Furse the principals.

"DEAR OCTOPUS" (Queen's). 8.15.—Pleasant, sentimental comedy of family life. Gives Marie Tempest good part. John Gielgud.

"THESE FOOLISH THINGS" (Palladium). 6.15 and 9.—The Crazy Gang in a revue of personality, wit, spectacle, and great variety.

"WHEN WE ARE MARRIED" (Saville). 8.30.—J. B. Priestley's comedy of respectability threatened with scandal. Frank Pettingell; Helena Pickard.

"THE CORN IS GREEN" (Duchess). 8.30.—Sybil Thorndike and Emlyn Williams as teacher and protégé. A simple story, lots of fun, good cast.

"QUIET WEDDING" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—Domestic comedy of bride distracted by wedding preparations. Marie Löhr, Frank Lawton; Elizabeth Allan.

"BLACK AND BLUE" (Hippodrome). 6.30 and 9.—George Black's "intimate rag" has for its leads Frances Day and Vic Oliver.

"GATE REVUE" (Ambassadors). 8.45.—Hermione Gingold, Walter Crisham, and first-rate cast in this sparkling piece deservedly transferred from the Gate.

"GENEVA" (St. James's). 8.15.—Dictators on trial, with Shaw's pungency and polish. Ernest Thesiger; Cecil Trouncer; Walter Hudd.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"LES GENS DU VOYAGE" (Academy).—A robust melodrama of circus life dominated by Françoise Rosay as a lion-tamer.

"CAFÉ SOCIETY" (Plaza).—Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray in the sophisticated comedy of a marriage of convenience.

"GUNGA DIN" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, in a spectacular drama of the North-West Frontier.

"LES MISÉRABLES" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Re-issue—with Fredric March and Charles Laughton.

"HARD TO GET" (Warner Theatre).—Lively variation on the "rich girl, poor boy" theme, starring Dick Powell and Olivia de Havilland.

"TOPPER TAKES A TRIP" (Odeon).—Constance Bennett as Roland Young's "spirit guide" in a comic phantasy.

"THE GANG 'S ALL HERE" (Regal).—Jack Buchanan, insurance detective, rounds up a gang of jewel-thieves.

"NARTISHA OF THE NORTH" (Rialto).—A "true to life" and documentary drama among the Eskimos.

FILMS ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

"KING OF THE TURF" (London Pavilion).—Adolphe Menjou in a sentimental drama of the race-course.

"AU SERVICE DE LA FRANCE" (Berkeley).—Edwige Feuillère and Erich von Stroheim in a French spy-drama.

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

160 WAYS OF GETTING A HEADACHE

And one way to cure them all

Practically all the many ways of getting a headache call for a two-fold remedy—because they all cause what doctors call an acid condition. To cure a headache properly, to cure it so that even if the pain goes your head doesn't feel muzzy or woolly, you must not only drive away the pain but must correct that acid condition.

That is why a sparkling glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer' is much the best way to cure a headache. It stops the headache almost instantly and it completely counteracts the acidity without any awkward laxative effect.

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXCIV.

DO YOU REVERSE?

REVERSE bidding is all the go! Indeed, it has been 'going" for some little time. Claimed to be something novel in the bidding line, it is nothing of the sort. It is but an elaboration of the old principle of keeping the bidding low in the earlier stages, combined with Sims' One-over-One. It is many years since one of our best-known writers on the game suggested that the opening bid of one club on ace, king, X only was a sound proposition; he was well laughed at for his pains, but soon players found that a cheap opening, to be followed by a more expensive bid, was far better than rushing the bidding at the start, and probably dropping into an impossibly high contract. The club conventional openings are based on this principle, and Sims has always contended that, except on hands which are so rare that they may be counted out, the opening bid should never be higher than a "one bid." And, without the smallest shadow of doubt, he is right. No! The claim that reverse bidding is anything new or original is on a par with the same claim made for "squeeze" play. That play is as old as the game itself—older, for it was used at Whist; but then it was called "forcing discards," which, I grant, is a more cumbrous title, so we will stick to "squeeze." There are certain features about reverse bidding that do not follow on the same lines as the more usual minor-suit openings on strong hands. Reverse bidding needs two or more four-card suits, or one five-card and one or two four-card suits, when the lower-ranking suit is bid first, but, as a rule, reverse bidding is employed only when the suits are touching—*i.e.*, spades and hearts, or clubs and diamonds. (Personally, I do not agree with the argument against bidding clubs first and spades next, but this is by the way.) Partner, except on a "bust," must reply to the opening bid, but the bidding may, on occasion, be dropped at a two level; this, of course, is the basic principle of the One-over-One.

I take the following hand from a contemporary. It was played in a tournament, and is said to be the ideal for reverse bidding—

		Y		
Spades—A, K, Q, x, x.				Spades—x.
Hearts—A, K, x, x.	A		B	Hearts—Kn, 9, 8, x.
Clubs—None.				Clubs—K, x, x, x.
Diamonds—9, 8, x, x.				Diamonds—Q, 10, x, x.
		Z		

The correct bidding is: A, one heart; B, two hearts; A, two spades; B, three hearts; A, four hearts.

So AB get into the best contract. Some players, however, opened the bidding with two spades and ended with a game contract in spades which cannot be made. Now, I entirely disagree with this (or any other) "two" opening, but here I fail to see why the final contract still was not four hearts—thus: B, two no-trumps; A, three hearts; B, four hearts. That looks pretty smooth bidding. At most tables the bidding *did* end with four hearts, after a *one* spade opening, so at *most* tables the reverse business was unnecessary. At one table the opening was one diamond, to which the response was one heart. This response so excited A that he rushed into a slam, and, of course, was well down. But here again I do not see much of an advertisement for reverse bidding: I mean, why does absurd bidding by two partners prove that a hand can be bid only as per system? Why not A, one diamond; B, one heart; A, one spade; B, one no-trump; A, two hearts, etc.? Or, what in my view is correct: A, one diamond; B, one no-trump; A, two hearts; B, three hearts; A, three spades; B, four hearts. This, to be sure, is rather long-winded bidding, but still, it does arrive at the best proposition on the cards, so I really can't see that this is an *ideal* hand on which to reverse; in fact, it is difficult to imagine how any two good players could fail to reach four hearts, no matter what the opening bid is, except, I grant, that B might conceivably pass his partner's opening bid of one spade.

Don't think I am trying to decry this reverse bidding idea; it does keep the bidding low and it does cut out higher than one-opening bids. That is all to the good, but I do say it is a pity to set up a sort of combination between the One-over-One and the cheaper-of-two-suits opening, which merely complicates the bidding, and so must cause a fresh headache to the unfortunate contract-player who wants to play the game for amusement only, and whose head is already swimming with bidding systems and their variations by the dozen. Let me repeat: give bidding systems a rest and learn to play the cards; that is the one and only winning system at bridge, for which reason (and obviously there are others) it should be the most satisfactory to the player.

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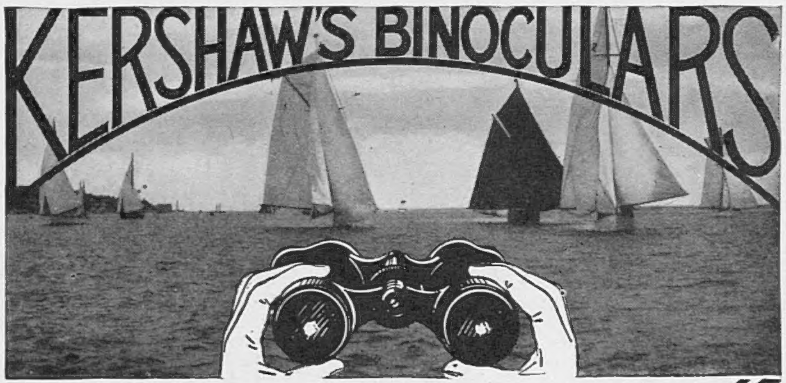

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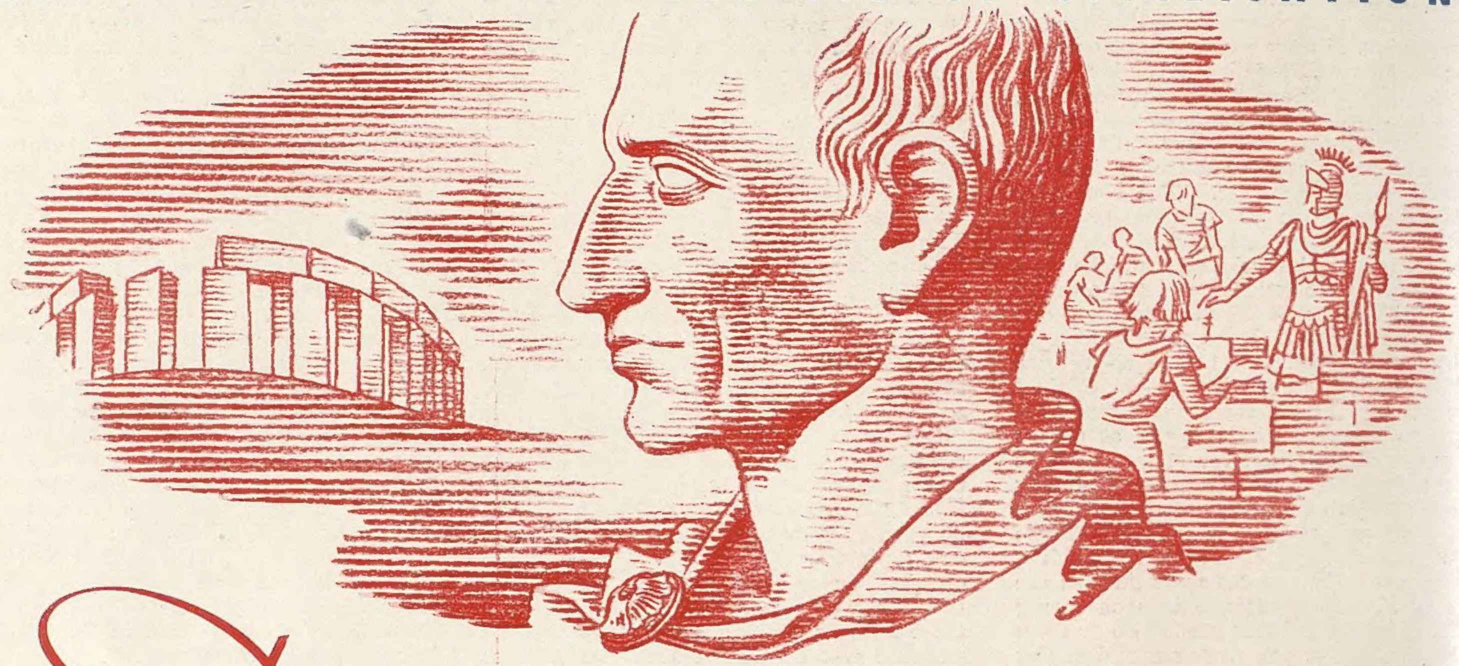

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